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THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

Lady May at the ball is fair,
But Katie at the mill is fairer;
Lady May wears pearls in her hair,
And the pearls are not so white as the wearer,
But Katie's cheeks are so lovely red,
That the ribbons look pale on her pretty head;
And some one I know finds it hard to choose
The regal lily or the rustic rose.

Lady May has little white hands—
Katie's are brown with the sun of summer;
And with highbred ease the lady stands
To courteously greet the knightly comer.
But the color on Katie's eloquent cheeks,
More than her timid greeting, speaks,
And in my heart I cannot choose
To love the lily more than the rose.

Lady May is the child of an earl,
And her rank and birth were early taught her;
The other, a lovely and loving girl
Otherwise, only a miller's daughter.
What I do not marry the ancestors tall
That stare from Sir Robert's gallery wall;
And their heiress, I fear, that fair work of art,
Hath just as much of a human heart.

Lady May! I was but a boy,
And you but a child, when this troth was plighted,
And time has done much the bond to destroy
Of hearts that were only half united.
Many a lord will woo a bride
Who would crown his life with her stately pride.
I ask not much thy patience to prove—
My lady! I only ask for love!

Lady May! I did not need
To lay hot words on your altar chilly,
For I better had looked in a murky weed
For the love I sought, than this glossy lily.
Love! a passion for village girls!
Not for the daughters of noble earls!
And my lily lady smiles in scorn,
And leaves me to seek of the lowly born.

Oh, Lady May! thy lands are wide,
Thou art the Neville's only heiress,
And, though thou be not a worshipped bride,
Thou still will be the first and fairest;
And to thee, who hast all, this little gold ring
Would be but a very trifling thing—
It would not add much to thy fortune's store:
To me—it is all the world, and more.

My Lady May! you did not love—
You had no heart in your snowy breast;
For we cannot expect to find a dove
When we look in the golden eagle's nest.
So keep your wealth of tower and hill—
And I, sweet Katie of the mill;
And none shall know how I royally chose
And left the lily to cherish the rose.

Pictures of Life.

EIGHT DAYS OF ROYALTY;

OR,

THE TRUE HISTORY OF MASANIELLO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE KING MAD.

Then at last quiet was re-established. It was announced that the two women were in safety, one at Castel-Nuovo, the other at her husband's house, and Masaniello, who had remained as if mute and deaf throughout the disorder, raised his head, opened his eyes wide, looked around him like a man trying to remember a dream, and, with the docility of a child, allowed the Archbishop to lead him to the platform, where the prelate seated him at his right hand, in front of the canopy beneath which sat the Viceroy and his court.

"The ear rings! the pilgrim! the house at Amalfi!" These were the only words he articulated.

"Make haste, Eminence," whispered Genovino to the Cardinal, "*Masaniello will be an idiot in less than an hour!*"

"Just heaven! what do you say!" cried the Archbishop.

And he turned quickly, observed the fisherman, and shuddered at the expression of his face.

Immediately, at a sign from his hand, counsellor Cappola, secretary general of the kingdom, read in a loud voice the articles of the capitulation. The crowd saluted by a hurrah every franchise restored; but the fisherman, gradually recovering from his torpor, soon began to interrupt the reading by commentaries and protestations, fortunately pronounced in a weak voice, and suppressed by the Cardinal's gestures.

The reading finished, the elect of the people approached the Viceroy, thanked him in the name of the city of Naples, and begged him to sanction the new charter by a solemn oath. Then the Duc of Arcos, standing, his right hand resting upon the Bible presented by the Archbishop, swore in the midst of the most profound silence, to observe the conventions agreed upon, and to hasten the King of Spain's approbation. The counsellors and dignitaries repeated this oath one after the other, and the Cardinal began majestically to sing the *Te Deum*, to which the crowd replied with one voice, both within and without the church.

Suddenly aroused by the noise of the singing, the organs and the bells, Masaniello started up, his naked sword in his hand, and dazzled, contemplated the magical scene before him. The acclamations with which the people greeted him, and the honor which the authorities showed him by rising at the same time with him, seemed to give the last blow to his tottering brain.

"Vile herd!" he cried, looking at the Viceroy's court and bursting into sardonic laughter.

The Company of Death who alone heard him, replied by a salvo of bravos.

But passing from one extreme to the other, the dictator rejoined angrily,

"Respect to this holy place, wretches!"

And if the Archbishop had not seized his sword, he would have murdered the sentinel who stood upon the platform near him.

He then fell trembling at the Prelate's knees, embraced them with tears and asked his pardon.

These singular incidents escaped the notice of the crowd; but the dignitaries, frozen with horror, whispered among themselves: "*The fisherman is gone mad!*"

An instant afterwards he arose, and calling an officer, he sent him to say to the Duc of Arcos, that he intended to preserve the government of theirs, that he must have a guard of honor at his door—the distribution of the commissions to the army, the expulsion of all the nobles from their palaces and chateaux, and a hundred other extravagant things of the same kind, to which the Viceroy, concealing his alarm, hastened to reply:

"Yes, Signor Masaniello, yes, all that you wish!"

Finally, as the last chaunt died away, and the multitude was preparing to depart, Masaniello rushed from the platform, forced himself a passage with his sword, and bounding into the pulpit, cried, in a shrill voice,

"Stop, faithful people, and receive the adieus of your ruler!"

Then, in his long discourse of an unimaginable incoherence, where the most eloquent periods were mixed up with the most unheard of nonsense, and passing from the modesty of angels to the pride of Lucifer, he spoke of the people, of the nobility, of the king, of his services, of the taxes, of the brigands, of the Duc of Maddaloni, of a meeting of two pilgrims, of the fainting Puzzolienne, of Marie d'Arcos, of his happiness beneath his roof at Amalfi, of the necessity of remaining armed, &c., &c.

"Yes, beloved people," he added, in a prophetic tone, and with an imposing gesture, "listen to the last advice of my love, and keep your arms until the return of a treaty signed by Philippe IV. This pompous fete, and this oath on the Bible, are perhaps only one of treason's tricks. Distrust counsellors, tax gatherers, the nobles above all, who are your bitter enemies! You see to what a state they have reduced me, and what I have become through them and for you—a dried skeleton with nothing but skin upon my bones."

And tearing away his splendid costume, and throwing the pieces to the crowd, he exposed his breast and his arms, and undoing even his breeches, he showed his legs, and cried:

"*Ecce homo! consummatum est!*" and bowing his head after this parody upon the Scriptures, he looked up after a moment and added: "Oh, adored people! I pardon my executioners and I bless you. But know that my death will be the signal for your ruin; if to-morrow the traitors shall have put an end to me, fall upon them like a thunderbolt, put everything to the fire and sword; reduce those odious palaces to ashes, and make beggars of their owners gorged with your substance! Do you swear to do this, faithful people?"

Who can paint the effect of such a discourse! After having thought him at first wonderful, the people now thought him sublime; there, where the nobles saw delirium, they saw inspiration from on high! They trembled with enthusiasm, they wept with tenderness—they wanted to take their king and carry him off in triumph from the pulpit. The Company of Death and all the murderers and pillagers taking advantage of the occasion, shouted with one voice, and made everybody else shout: "Yes, we swear it! death to traitors and to tax makers!" The Viceroy, the nobles and the dignitaries feeling themselves caught, one against a thousand, between a madman and an army of tigers, turned pale and trembled, and expected to be assassinated there in the church at the first sign from the crazy fisherman.

Fortunately for them the wind turned, and Masaniello thus ended:

"Silence! illustrious people, and respect the sanctuary! I recommend to you a woman whom you must honor like the Madonna, an angel whom you must bless and pray to on your knees: it is Marie d'Arcos, the Viceroy's daughter! the pilgrim of the Carmel, who gives her jewels to fishermen and only asks a prayer in return. Ask her pardon for having offended her, she who is so full of grace and sweetness. Make her a rampart of your bodies, a shield with your arms, a carpet with your cloaks—strew the fruits and flowers of your gardens in her path! Kiss her beloved footprints as I kiss this cross of the Madonna whom she represents. Let every tear she sheds be followed by a smile from her adorable lips; venerate, for her sake, her father, her mother, her lover, all her family, and all whom she loves here on earth!"

And speaking in this way, he knelt down in the pulpit, he joined his hands, struck his breast, and shed such sincere, bitter tears, that the whole audience burst into sobs.

This diversion calmed the people and saved the nobility and dignitaries.

Masaniello at last precipitating himself from the pulpit and running to the feet of the Archbishop:

"My father," he cried, wildly, "absolve me from all the evil I have committed towards Marie d'Arcos, or rather have me hung or broken on the wheel, that by this punishment I may merit the grace of God and the salvation of my soul!"

The Cardinal could not restrain a tear, and turned away his head. Grief succeeded terror among the personages upon the platform; they raised the fisherman, and exorcised him with holy water, whilst the crowd applauded tremendously, believing that they were honoring him and submitting themselves to him.

Soon the unhappy man seemed to regain his senses; and seeing the Duc hastening to depart with his suite, he gravely gave him his hand, and conducted him through the multitude.

"Leave us, Signor Masaniello," said the Viceroy; "your work is done; go and rest."

"Rest! And my people? Am I not still their ruler?"

"Certainly," replied the Duc of Arcos, "I confirm you in the capacity of Captain-General, and grant you, in the King's name, the title of the Duc de San-Giorgo."

He handed him, in effect, the commission, prepared beforehand, and threw over his neck a gold chain worth three thousand crowns.

The crowd again applauded; but throwing away the chain, and tearing the commission, Masaniello cried—

"Away with these trinkets! they would tarnish my cross of the Carmel! I am only a fisherman, and will die a fisherman!"

The people applauded more than ever.

"Think you," said the excited man, "that I need a title in order to reign over Naples? You shall judge of my power! Silence! and room for the Viceroy!" he then cried to the turbulent and impenetrable mass.

And every sound ceased in the church, and the compact ranks opened to the door.

Arrived there, the fisherman and the Duc found themselves before another crowd still more compact and more noisy.

The fisherman remounted his horse, and, without pronouncing a word, he placed his finger on his lips, and made a sign for a free passage.

Instantly every movement ceased, not a sound arose from that living sea; and the Viceroy, seized with a sort of stupor, carried away by this magical influence, embraced the all-powerful man before whom he felt himself as nothing.

"Upon pain of death," said the dictator, "I command every one to depart, let no one remain on the square."

The hundred thousand men glided away like a silent torrent, and the open space extended, free and deserted, to the very shores of the gulf.

"Go, now," said the fisherman, waving off the Duke majestically.

And the royal cortege defiled towards Castel Nuovo, by the great market-place. There, at a cry from the people, it stopped before Masaniello's house. Led by her lieutenants, and pale as ashes, the Puzzolienne advanced to the window like a victim to the altar, and the Duc and his whole escort saluted her with the same respect as if she had been Vice-Reine of Naples.

One youthful officer, having forgotten to take off his cap, fell dead beneath a sword, which struck him down like a thunderbolt.

And who was the murderer? Masaniello himself, that instant arrived on his horse at gallop, covered with his silver rags, more insane and more terrible than ever!

Such were the results of the famous capitulation; the Puzzolienne and Marie d'Arcos stricken to the heart; the fisherman ruined, heart and mind; the fine comedy of the privilege of Charles Fifth turned into a horrible tragedy; the Duc and his friends barely escaped from a thousand deaths; incendiarism and massacre more imminent than ever; the fate of the kingdom abandoned to chance, and the capital governed by a maniac—a maniac all the more formidable, because his influence revived even with his insanity, of which the people had not a suspicion, and which the bandits regarded as a return of reason.

Therefore, the fisherman found Luzzaro and the Company of Death at his door, delighted to resume their offices of counsellors and executioners. They put the climax to his delirium, by an ovation accompanied by sanguinary cries which finished the nullification of the capitulation.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST CONFEDERATE.

Two other men annulled it also, tete-a-tete, a few steps off. They were Genovino and the *taglia-topi*.

"Well!" said Basilio, "here is an unexpected *rat!* Masaniello crazy! This will give the last blow to the Neapolitans!"

"It will be their last convulsion," said the savant, "*Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat*; so much the worse for those who allow themselves to be crushed by him! As for me, my business is arranged, I wash my hands of him, and I am going to rejoin my comrade, the Duc, at Castel-Nuovo. He has only to let the revolt stew in its own juice, that is to say, in blood and flames. When the people have burned and killed all the nobles, the Viceroy will tranquilly reascend his throne, and I will take my seat upon the velvet bench of Sumaria."

"The Viceroy will make a tumble! and you will preside, not over Sumaria, but over the Sedilians, Signor Genovino!" replied Basilio, throwing aside his last masque, and drawing some papers from his drug-box.

"What do you mean?" cried the ambitious man, dazzled.

"That conqueror or conquered, the Duc of Arcos is lost beforehand, and that you are worthy to be my confidant, since you are capable of being my accomplice, as His Royal Highness Don Juan of Austria, and His Excellency the Count d'Onate, the future triumpher, and the future Viceroy of Naples have decided!"

And he handed to Genovino letters which explained the whole plot of which he was the humble instrument—against the savant himself as long as he seconded the Duc and the fisherman, against these two, and against the Duc of Guise, and finally against the Viceroy, who was to give up his place to his rival.

"Do you want to be President of the Sedilian Islands?" added Basilio, laughing, while the oracle was admiring his new confederate's sublime plan.

"I want to embrace you, *mio caro*," replied the old man, warmly. "Per Dio! I shall never forget such a service. I was just going to fasten myself to a rotten branch! Long live Don Juan and the Count d'Onate, and down with the Duc of Arcos! I take it upon myself as a friend to overthrow him; you can tell his successor so!"

"That is just the role which is offered to you. The man who guesses it as well, will perform it still better. I will inform you of the approach of His Highness and the fleet. Chatillon and Guise are doubtless already killed or taken at Ischia, and to-morrow, perhaps, we shall see the Castilian standard before these walls! That will be the moment to strike the decisive blow. Go, now, to Castel-Nuovo, and *au revoir*, Signor Presidente!"

Genovino hastened to the Viceroy, and Basilio—to the powder magazines.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A RAY FROM HEAVEN.

After the shocks which had already shaken Masaniello's head and heart, it may be imagined that the event of the Carmel gave the finishing stroke to his reason. How many illusions had been dispelled in six days in this simple and generous soul! He thought to elevate and save his country, and he had dishonored and ruined it with himself! He thought to revenge his family and his wife, and what an odious price this vengeance had cost him! He thought to gain a good cause by a noble combat, in immortalizing himself as the liberator of his country; and he had become a chief of incendiaries and assassins, an instrument for cowardly ambition and for foreign invasion! He thought to restore abundance and security to Naples, and he had made a funeral pile and a scaffold of it! He had sacrificed his repose, his happiness, his little home at Amalfi, dreaming to return to it glorious and pure, like Cincinnatus, and there to bless to his dying day the unknown angel who had given him so many joys; and he had not only seen this repose, this happiness and this glory vanish; but, in the hell which had been substituted for the shelter of his ancestors, he found that angel of his salvation crushed beneath his demon feet!

Ah! if a spark of light had still gleamed through the storm in his brain, how bitterly would he have wept that he had meddled in this cylinder of revolutions, which grinds and devours all who dare to risk a finger in it!

Brought from the church to her house on the market-place, as we have said, the Puzzolienne, on opening her eyes, sought consolation in the recollection of her husband. But the objects which met her eyes were not calculated to calm her shame and grief. The same poverty as before her departure, and rendered more sad by the utmost disorder, and by that mixture of gold and silver, of rich stuffs and precious furniture which was described above; such was the spectacle which grieved the poor woman's heart again. Upon some pieces of this war-booty, which she examined with fright, she recognized the names of the most venerated families, the arms of her masters and her benefactors; she even saw traces of blood upon them; and uttering a cry, she sprang to the window. There, a new horror: she saw, face to face, around Masaniello's throne, still stuck upon the end of the poles, covered with a black blood, livid, distorted, the heads of Don Carafa and of the accomplices of Perrones' treason. She would have gone mad in her turn, before such pictures, if she had not found a refuge in a cabinet, where she fell upon her knees at the feet of a Madonna; the saint, alas! with whom the fisherman had ornamented their nuptial chamber on the day of their marriage, and to whom they had both prayed nine days, in their evening prayer, for that other Marie, their tutelary angel and their victim!

She was, however, only at the beginning of her expiations. At the end of an hour, she heard a cry of—"Vive Masaniello! honor to the vice-reine!" and she found herself in the midst of the brigands, her husband's soldiers! She was overwhelmed with their ferocious homage. She was exposed by them to the homage of the Duc of Arcos and of his suite; she was praised in songs of revolt and cries of assassination. At last she breathed as she perceived her husband—but in what a condition, just Heaven! exhausted, haggard, his clothes in rags, carried in triumph by the Company of Death, and offering as a welcome to his wife—the viceroy's page murdered by his hand!

The wretched woman, who thought at last that peace reigned in Naples, understanding nothing of these sanguinary revivals, fell fainting and speechless—extending her hands to the fisherman, who did not even see her, and whom Luzzaro and his band dragged off to pillage and massacre.

Let us follow him until he returns to administer to the Puzzolienne the dregs of her cup of woe by exposing his insanity to her.

"The day which witnessed the oath of peace," says Rivas, "was the most bloody of the Neapolitan revolution. The poor crazy King was no longer anything but the instrument, the sword and the axe of Luzzaro and his companions, who showed him everywhere in Naples a perfect chain of snares set against his person, a swarm of traitors plotting his death. He began by placing, opposite the palace of Arcos, a colossal gibbet, furnished with all the instruments of torture, flanked by two executioners provided by himself. He repaired to the Duc de Maddalini's chateau, and pillaged it from top to bottom. He found two Moorish guards there; one he broke upon the wheel; the other he baptized and placed at the head of his pretorians. He gave all the Duc's servants and proteges over to the sword; he paraded through the rich apartments, slashed with his halberd the Duke's portrait and that of his father; he stabbed the old man through the heart, and carried off the son's face, amusing himself by poking out his eyes. Then he set fire to the edifice, and looked at it burning amid shouts of laughter.

"The Cardinal came up to try and calm him; Masaniello conducted him to the cupola of one of the churches, made him bless his sword and his soldiers, and left him to return again to his insane fury. He demolished a wall at the Jesuit college, and allowed one of the brothers to be killed, in order to search for a suspected refugee. Under the same pretext, he invaded the cloister of the nuns of *Sancta Clara*, and after having given them up to his bandits, a priest coming to expostulate with him upon his crime, he threw himself at his feet, implored absolution, and had all who had obeyed his orders beheaded. Thus he mingled crime and repentance, wrong and reparation. An Archbishop asked him for a pass to regain his diocese; he gave him an escort of four hundred men, a flotilla of forty sloops, a bag of five hundred doubloons, and a kick into the bargain. A Count of Aversa brought him an urgent request; he gravely granted it, and sent him off with a boxed ear, saying: 'Go with God! I make you Prince of Aversa!'

"At the same time he renewed his staff. He chose as aid-de-camp a certain Polito, a gold beater, who had won his sword by assassination. He took as lieutenant the armorer Gennarro Annese, a vulgar, ambitious man, an insolent coward, a cunning intriguer, who aspired to succeed the dictator. He ended by galloping, with his drawn sword, through the city, knocking down and striking all who came in his way, declaring everybody Maddaloni's accomplices, and causing great numbers to be broken on the wheel, hung, or decapitated before his eyes."

Historians estimate at fifteen hundred the number of victims of that day's delirium. The four hundred thousand inhabitants of Naples, frozen with fright, shut themselves up in their houses, fled, or submitted to all the tyrant's exactions.

Friday, the 12th of July, the sixth day of the revolution, is marked with red in the memory of the Neapolitans; its details are still transmitted from father to son.

Night approached, when Masaniello, completely exhausted, at last returned to his house.

The Puzzolienne, surrounded by her family, who had hastened to her, had just fallen asleep on her brother's knees, at the feet of the Madonna whose aid she had implored.

Awaking at the noise made by the Company of Death, seeing her husband appear exhausted, tottering, covered with blood and dust, his eyes wandering, a frightful smile upon his lips, no longer recognizing her he had loved so well, she suspected their supreme misfortune, and sprang towards him with a heart-rending cry.

But in vain she folded him in her arms, and lavished upon him the most tender words. In vain she reminded him of all which could possibly enlighten his memory and touch his heart; the maniac, brought back to the causes of his insanity, imagined his wife the viceroy's daughter, started away from her in terror, and then, dragging himself upon the floor and tearing his hair, asked her pardon with tears and sobs, and wanted to run his sword through his body.

His brother-in-law, to shorten this torture, disarmed him and carried him into another room, where he fell fainting after another convulsion.

Then all the relations, wanting at least to save the Puzzolienne, tore her from the fatal house and embarked with her for Amalfi. Marie resisted, and begged to be allowed to remain with her husband; but her brother promised her faithfully that she should go back the next day, after he had taken the necessary measures with the people, and she became more calm.

The night was splendid, the heavens spangled, the gulf radiant as at the first voyage of this same family when it went in search, beneath the same roof, the happiness assured to it by the Angel of Carmel. This time the unhappy family felt as if they were conducting a funeral train—the train of their destroyed illusions; and the Puzzolienne, lying in the boat, giving to the breeze and to the waves her silent tears, was like a frail, fair corpse being borne to her tomb.

However, if anything could console Marie, it was leaving Naples and returning to the lost paradise of her cottage.

She entered it at sunrise, at the opposite side from the gulf, and by a door opening upon the high road of Amalfi. Less smiling on this side than upon that looking on the sea, the humble house seemed even more picturesque, with its style of the sixteenth century, its front of stone and sculptured wood, its twisted colonnades and its fantastic caristides, its gigantic shade-trees and the vines which covered its roof and walls.

Notwithstanding the cruel memories which crowded this refuge of her dreams, Marie experienced a true and deep consolation in embracing her old mother, who still remained there. She breathed freely in this oasis of calm and neatness, embellished by her industrious hands; she watered with tender tears the old family furniture, those pledges of a departed joy, the nuptial bed, the arms and the nets, the pious images, the cradle which awaited her child; and she fell asleep, soothed by her brothers and sisters, so many guardian angels, who whispered hope to her, and who promised her the return of her husband for her awakening.

When she arose, revived by a long sleep, she thought herself still happy, and she ran to the window now bathed in the noon-day sun.

Alas! upon the road she saw the spectres of her grief, her husband's victims, the proscribed, passing, driven from the volcano of Naples.

In a young girl upon horseback, escorted by her servants carrying her treasures and her beloved falcon, she recognised her foster-sister, the companion of her childhood! The young girl recognised her also, and overwhelmed her with grief by uttering a cry of horror.

Marie sank back from the window, and did not dare to look out again.

After six long hours of expectation, Masaniello at last arrived, led, or rather carried, by his brother-by-law.

"Is he free? Is he mine?" cried the poor woman, throwing herself before them.

"Free? if it pleases God! I concealed him from the people, who are seeking him everywhere," replied the young man. "Yours? Yes, if your love can work a miracle!"

The Dictator was no longer a mad tiger, but a childish old man! He spoke without thinking, listened without understanding, looked without seeing.

Therefore, heart-broken at his manner, but less alarmed than the day before, Marie took possession of this phantom, and tried to restore his mind to him. Who can tell all her ingenious and touching experiments? Her hands in his, her eyes upon his, her heart against his, standing or upon her knees before him; lavishing upon him the softest caresses, calling him by the most tender names, smiling and weeping at his slightest gestures; his wife, mother, sister, servant, doctor, confessor, good angel, all together, she, by turns, seated him in the midst of his family, or led his mind into joys of the past, and the hopes of the future. She showed him all the rooms in the house, all the furniture of his ancestors; his nets and his spade, his stiletto and his gun; the cradle ready for his child, the gulf upon which he had so often rowed, the fruits he could gather for his table, the flowers of his garden, the birds singing in the trees, the arbor where they could repose together.

Superfluous efforts! A stranger beneath his own roof, recognising neither persons or things, Masaniello did nothing but murmur:—

"The oath! treason! Burn that one! Kill this one! Naples to fire and the sword! Here, Luzzaro!"

Then, tearfully, and with a stifled sigh:—

"My pretty house at Amalfi! Who is that fish-woman upon that cart? Wretches, stop! Deliver her! Carry her in triumph! Harness me to her car. How beautiful are the feet of the angel who gave happiness to Masaniello! Come, Marie, come, my wife; come, faithful people; let us kiss Marie d'Arcos' feet!"

This idea constantly returning to him, the Puzzolienne, instead of dissipating it, tried gently to make him retain it. She took him in her arms, and began to relate to him, as to a child, the pilgrim's story; her ear-rings, the nine days' prayer to the Madonna, the house re-purchased, the family banquet prepared for him, the repose and the joy assured to their whole lives.

Oh, unlooked for success! A light burns in the fisherman's eyes; he knits his brow, and then looks up; his lips part with a smile, and tears trickle down his cheeks. There he is, sad and pale, but intelligent and handsome as formerly. He passes one hand through his hair; he examines his garden, his dwelling; the gulf, the road, his domestic treasures. He looks at himself, at his mother, his brothers, his relatives, his wife—he recognizes her, utters a cry, and folds her to his bosom.

"Marie! is it you! Thanks, my God! Thanks, Marie d'Arcos!"

Once more Marie d'Arcos had restored him to joy!

The transport of the young wife, and of the whole family, may be imagined, it was a sight to draw tears from the coldest, that happiness, that life thus suddenly restored; that group, wrapped in each other's embraces; that ray from Heaven transforming the night of despair.

The Puzzolienne must have lost her senses in her turn, or must have died of joy, if she had not given vent to it in prayer, by falling upon her knees with all her relatives.

The scenes which followed may be imagined. Naples and the world forgotten; grief effaced by joy; blood wiped away with tears, crime excused by madness; God himself granting a pardon to remorse; Masaniello brought back by repentance, shaking off his six days' nightmare, resuming all his dear dreams, restored to his conscience, to his guardian angel, his love, his wife, his house, his family, going and coming from room to room, from the house to the garden; inhaling the breeze from the sea and the perfume of the flowers, cursing war, politics and glory, swearing to live and die hidden in his Eden, and never to return to Naples again, except to ask, upon his knees, Marie d'Arcos's pardon.

CHAPTER XIX.

SURPRISE AND RELAPSE.

These delights lasted until evening; and after having despaired of seeing her agony end, the Puzzolienne, seated near her husband, at the window on the gulf, one hand upon his calmed heart, the other upon his cooled brow, began to believe in the eternity of her consolations, when both, suddenly aroused by an immense volley of artillery, saw stretching upon the gulf five, ten, twenty, forty, fifty vessels, and galleys, bearing at the highest mast the Castilian banner!

The wife turned pale, as if struck to the heart, and the fisherman arose, exclaiming:—

"The King of Spain's fleet and army! It is all over with Naples and the Neapolitans!"

It may well be supposed that the surprise and temptation were formidable for Masaniello. His fingers clutched at his cross of Carmel, and Marie watched him in agony, praying to God to silence those cannon which, multiplying their discharges, shook heaven and earth, her house and her existence, and her husband's still weak reason.

With a wild look, the fisherman measured the distance, counted the vessels, trembled at the reports, sprang to the window and sought his sword, then returned to fall into his wife's arms, struggling, like Jacob, against an invisible spectre, or rather against himself and a whole nation, who called for him louder than the Spanish cannon.

Well! he would have triumphed in this supreme crisis; for he cried, shutting himself up in his room, "Let Naples save herself, or give herself up without me! All her franchises are not worth a drop of blood!"

But at the same moment two hundred feluccas landed before his house, and six hundred Neapolitans, led by Luzzaro and Annese, invaded his home like a torrent. In vain Marie, her brothers, and her whole family, barred the passage to them; the fisherman was obliged to throw himself before them to repress their violence, and, stopping them by a gesture, he asked authoritatively, "What do you want with me?"

"We want the salvation of the country!" replied Luzzaro, "and we come to seek our deliverer."

"They want my death! You will not be my executioner!" cried the Puzzolienne, with extended arms.

Masaniello pressed his weak head between his two hands, his courage wavered, and he replied, with an effort,—

"Choose another general! I am no longer fit for anything; my work is finished."

"Your work finished! You do not see that fleet, then? You do not know—"

"I know all! but I want to forget it."

Luzzaro bounded with anger, and would have insulted the man who was as a god to him the day before. But Annese, calmer and more cunning—Annese, already a lieutenant, and soon the fisherman's successor—Annese, who had seen how the people were lost without Masaniello, and who saw his own grandeur crumbling away with everything else, if he did not restore their hero to the Neapolitans—Annese spoke, and said respectfully:—

"You hesitate, master, and I am not surprised, for you do not know the important news. You will follow us, when you learn that there are six thousand men upon these vessels, and Don Juan of Austria, the King of Spain's son."

"If it was the king himself, I would not follow you!" said the fisherman, turning away his head.

"You will follow us when you learn that all Naples calls you, and will bury herself beneath her ruins cursing you, if you refuse to come to her aid."

"Let her surrender without shedding blood! I will not follow you!"

"You will follow us when you know that the French are in the city, as well as the Spaniards in the gulf."

Masaniello trembled, and listened.

"When you know," continued Annese, "that the Marquis de Chatillon and the Duc de Guise arrived at Naples this morning, even through Don Juan's fleet; that they have put up the fleur de lis and Louis XIV.'s portrait at San Lorenzo and at the market-place, and that, if you leave a single day to their intrigues, the people, who, under your orders, would drive them away, will become with you, and thanks to you, the slaves of France!"

"It is impossible!" cried Masaniello, in terrible hesitation. But, beneath the pressure of his weeping wife, he again added:—"I will not follow you!"

"You will follow us, master," pursued Annese, who since the day before knew the force of this last blow, "you will follow us when you know that Chatillon has already taken one bastion of Castel-Nuevo, and carried off Marie d'Arcos, that angel whom you recommended to us yesterday, and whom he is going to force the Archbishop to give him as his wife to-morrow, at the same time that he will crown his cousin of Guise King of Naples and Sicily!"

This time Masaniello cried out, and even his wife seemed to abandon him.

"Marie d'Arcos a prisoner! and again a victim!" said the fisherman, looking at the house which recalled her charity. "Marie d'Arcos in Chatillon's power, married to Chatillon, whose perfidy she must now execrate! Oh! you lie, Annese, tell me that it is not true!"

"Here is its proof, addressed to yourself," finished the tempter. "I am here as Marie d'Arcos's ambassador, and she calls you to her aid—as does the city of Naples."

And he presented to Masaniello the Spanish girl's letter, transmitted to the market through the compassion of her guardians.

"I worked for your happiness without knowing it, and you have worked for my misfortune without wishing it. I saw your repentance, and I forgive you; witness my grief and save me. In the name of your love for Marie Aniello, in the name of our holy mother, in the name of the memories of Carmel, deliver Marie d'Arcos from the traitor whom she defended when you accused him. Snatch me, dead or alive, from the shame of wedding the Marquis de Chatillon! Help! help! and I will bless you a thousand times more than others have cursed you!

"THE PILGRIM OF THE CARMEL."

The effect of such a letter upon Masaniello may well be imagined. Each line was kissed, each word bathed with his tears. "*I pardon you! save me! In the name of Marie! in the name of the Carmel! Help! and I will bless you!*"

It was over. The fisherman saw nothing, heard nothing, knew nothing but Marie d'Arcos. He snatched his sword, and said to his wife:

"Come with me, Marie! One more battle! God wills it. He Himself speaks! Come, repair our crime, and merit our happiness!"

And dragging with him the Puzzolienne, whose noble heart stirred her on, he threw himself into a felucca, crying to the six hundred men:

"To Naples! to Castel-Nuovo! And down with Chatillon!"

"Down with the French, and death to traitors!" added the companions of the Death, unsheathing their poignards.

This commentary sufficiently announced what was to follow.

"I knew I would bring him," said Annese.

Poor, generous Masaniello! Such a burst of devotion was certainly worthy of another fate. But it is written that, upon the fatal declivity of revolutions, the best intentions shall end only in madness!

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

FRANCE BEFORE THE GREAT REVOLUTION.—In the *Marriage of Figaro*, Beaumarchais paints the French nation as it existed just antecedent to the French Revolution. The social edifice was quite undermined; the domestic virtues were altogether sapped. Public virtue, the valet cheats his master, the husband his wife, the wife her husband; the judge is venal; the churchman is a sly go-between, a knave and a hypocrite; the peasant speaks of rights and duties, while the lord of quality insults his mother, and is a libertine and a debauchee. Court and town alike applauded, for this was the true reflection, these were the very manners, morals, and essential spirit of the time.—*British Quarterly.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3 if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

BROOKS AND BURLINGAME.

For the information of those who have not kept at the sun" of the very important "difficulty" between Messrs. Brooks and Burlingame, we would state that, in the first place, Mr. Burlingame, in his recent speech, compared the assault made by Brooks upon Mr. Sumner, to that of Cain upon Abel.

In the second place, Mr. Brooks taking this comparison somewhat in dudgeon, despatched a friend to interrogate Mr. Burlingame upon the subject. Whereupon Mr. Burlingame—by the advice of certain friends, we believe—made a discrimination between the act and the actor—one of those subtle distinctions which are apt to put rather "too fine a point" upon a case for the general comprehension and satisfaction.

For instance, A. B. steals a purse, and glories in the act. C. D. denounces the act of A. B. as that of a thief—but does not wish to be understood as applying the term thief, by any manner of means, to the aforesaid A. B. Now this involves a nice distinction—almost as nice as that included in the famous question, which once puzzled the philosophers of Europe: If a man carry a cat, by means of a string tied to its tail, does he really carry the cat, or only carry the string which in its turn carries the tail, which in its turn carries the cat? A great deal might be said on both sides of such subtle questions as these, but, in this very rapid and practical age, the world unfortunately neither has time nor patience for metaphysical investigations.

And, as a consequence probably of this unfortunate state of the public mind, Mr. Burlingame's political friends—to say nothing of his enemies—were rather disposed to smile at the position in which he had allowed himself to be placed. Whereupon, the Massachusetts *Representative* took a resolution, and published a short but very explicit card, withdrawing all explanations of his speech, and leaving it to interpret its own meaning, under the personal responsibility of the author.

Upon that, Mr. Brooks immediately writes to Mr. Burlingame, desiring him to "indicate some place outside of this District (Columbia), where it will be convenient to negotiate in reference to the difference between them." And is answered the same day, that Mr. Burlingame would be "at the Clifton House, on the Canada side of the Niagara Falls, on Saturday next, at 12 o'clock, M."—the answer being placed in the hands of Mr. Brooks's *friend*, Gen. Lane, by Mr. Burlingame's *friend*, Hon. L. D. Campbell.

Whereupon Mr. Brooks, without further communication with Messrs. Campbell or Burlingame, sends a long account of the matter to the papers—see our news columns—absolutely refusing to follow Mr. Burlingame to Canada, "through the enemy's country," and, in essence and effect, *withdrawing his challenge*—a measure for which we give him due credit, as being by far the most sensible step he has made in the whole matter.

For our own part, we consider Mr. Burlingame decidedly wrong in accepting Mr. Brooks's challenge. Duelling is a barbarism which has been almost entirely banished from the Northern States, through the force of sound sense and Christian morals, and we do not look favorably upon its reestablishment among us. If Northern men are allowed to *accept* challenges at Washington, they will soon get to *giving* them at Boston, New York and Philadelphia. And we are not willing to lose the fruits of half a century's labors in this manner. The course pursued by Senator Wilson, and other Northern Congressmen, is the sensible course, the lawful course, the manly course, and the only justifiable and truly chivalrous course. We expect those who are opposed to duelling in Congress, to maintain their constitutional right of free-speech to the fullest extent, and to the last extremity. But they can do this, without bringing back upon us that old abomination, the duello.

For what could be more absurd than duelling? Take the present case. Mr. Burlingame contends that he has uttered no more than his duty to his constituents and his country imperatively required. What right has he, then, to *authorize* Mr. Brooks to shoot him, so far as he can authorize it. But in accepting a challenge, you do thus authorize, to the extent of your power, the taking of your life.—You complain of an injury, but assent to a still greater injury. You have been abused, and you say to your abuser, kill me also. Is it not the extreme of folly?

Suppose a man should steal fifty dollars from you, and that you should then challenge him to toss up with you for your whole fortune! That would be a parallel case to duelling.

You might possess hundreds of thousands, and be not be worth the cost on his back. Still it would be a parallel case; for the life of one duellist may be of almost infinite value compared to that of his antagonist. Witness the case of Hamilton and Burr.

Will not, then, every truly sensible man—who is not such a coward as to be afraid of what the foolish world may say—reply to a challenge:—"If you can prove to me that I have wronged you, I will make reparation, either by word or deed; but I will not give you any warrant to murder me. If you are disposed to shoot me, you must do it at your own peril; and if you succeed, take the whole responsibility of the act upon yourself, without being able to place any of it upon me."

We are glad therefore that Mr. Brooks withdrew his challenge—without any regard to the grounds upon which he withdrew it. In fact, we hope that all that about the "seven hundred miles," the "enemy's country," "mobs," "imprisonment," &c., will be duly voted correct, according to the last edition of the code of "honor." And we trust that Canada will be the place always specified hereafter by Northern Representatives when challenged. We can assure Southern members, in their turn, that if they accept such a place of meeting, there is not the slightest possibility of getting back alive. To say nothing of the "assassinations" and "mobs," there are the Northern *railroads*, much more to be feared than either. The chances of getting safely from Washington to Niagara and back in the railroad cars, are not much greater than five in the hundred, which, combined with the other hazards, no sensible man, however "chivalrous," reasonably can be expected to take. Let us make an estimate:—

Whole number of chances of getting back safely,	100.
Danger from railroads,	95
" " "enemy's country,"	3
" " "mobs,"	½
" " "assassination,"	½
" " "imprisonment,"	½

By the help of a "ready reckoner," it will be perceived that the chances of a Southern Congressman's *not* getting back safely would be at least 96 and ½ in the hundred, leaving out of the calculation all reference to the dangers from his opponent's bullet, as being in a general sense too inappreciable to be estimated. And how could any sensible Southerner be asked to undertake a trip to Canada with only three and ½ chances in the 100 of getting back safely? The idea is preposterous.

As they say there is some good even in the worst natures, possibly this "Canada" idea is the ounce or rather scruple of good for which we are indebted to Mr. Brooks. In future, all Congressmen who are opposed to the ridiculous and criminal habit of duelling, and yet have not the manliness to avow it, should chalk

"CANADA"

upon their hats, which word should be sufficient to render a challenge entirely inoperative. And, in cases where the rankest kind of fire-eaters are concerned, the challenged party should refuse to fight either out of the United States or in the "enemy's country."

EXCITING TIMES.

That these are exciting times, no one realizes more fully than the editor of a newspaper. What with the slavery question in general, and the Brooks and Burlingame controversy in particular—something akin to civil war in Kansas and in California—railroad collisions on one day, and steamboat explosions on the next—the candid editor is forced to acknowledge that the times are moving on with a feverish and rather alarming rapidity.

As to California, the State government seems to have been completely overawed by the energetic and daring measures of the Vigilance Committee, which, taking the advantage of the killing of one of their officials by a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, sternly invested all the armories of the "law and order" party, captured the inmates, and took possession of the arms and ammunition thereto belonging. The contrast between these bold, effective proceedings of the Committee, and the tame and impotent measures of the authorities, goes to prove what many have been long suspecting, that there is no lack of commanding executive ability among our citizens at large, however great may be the lack of this quality among the office-holders in general.

Without entering upon the question of how far this Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, are justified in their action by the corrupt state of affairs which has "lawfully" grown up around them, we may observe that a contempt of so-called "lawful" authority, is the natural result of mingled incompetency and corruption on the part of those holding office, whether said office-holders have been chosen by a majority of the people or not. Incompetent and corrupt rulers will not be tolerated for a long period in any country containing large numbers of intelligent and energetic men, no matter how they may be elected. We are not now raising the question of what *ought* to be; but simply stating what all history, and these recent events in California, go to prove *will* be. Gamblers, "shoulder strikers," "ballot-box stuffers," and unprincipled and corrupt men generally, will not be allowed to govern and control this great American community—of that they may be fully persuaded. They may read the handwriting on the wall in these recent proceedings in California. The American people do not carry their devotion to any idea, however true when properly interpreted, to the destruction point. They are eminently a practical, common-sense people; and if robbery, corruption and open murder are seen to stalk abroad with impunity, because their confederates *fill legislative* and congressional offices, and wear the judicial ermine, many years will not elapse before a sharp and certain remedy is found for such unbearable abuses.

For mark one thing to which we have before alluded—there is plenty of honest executive and governing ability in this country, but the greater portion of it is outside of the office-seeking and office-holding fraternity. What is the cause of this lamentable fact—so ominous to the prospect of a good government of the country, one that shall command respect and confidence both at home and abroad—we have not the time at present to consider. Every reflective mind must at once perceive, that a government will be successful, or otherwise, just in proportion as it is able to obtain men of integrity and ability to conduct its affairs. Therefore the reason why the best executive talent of the United States is not found in its government, is one worthy of deep examination. Is it owing to the fact that the rewards of mercantile and other business pursuits are greater than those of politics? Or that our ablest minds have a distaste for the low arts now apparently necessary to success in political life? Or that the people generally do not elect an able man to office, even when such an one is placed before them in opposition to some ignorant, unprincipled brawler? Whatever may be the reason, or reasons, the subject is, as we have said, worthy of serious consideration—for, however good the machinery of government may be, any machinery will work badly, and be in danger of being thrown some day contemptuously aside, which is intrusted to *incompetent* managers.

USEFUL HINTS.—The difference between rising every morning at six, or at eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to *twenty-nine thousand hours*, which are eight hours a day for exactly ten years; so that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the dispatch of business.

Such calculations are very useful, so far as they prevent persons from lying abed from mere laziness; but hurtful so far as they prevent them from taking a needful amount of sleep. Two hours taken every day from the amount of sleep, may end in disease and a life shortened by ten years, instead of lengthened. The truth is, in this country, the people need to be persuaded of the benefits of taking life easy, quite as much as of the folly of idleness. Where one person shortens his or her life by idleness, ten shorten theirs by too much exercise of body and mind, too little relaxation and amusement. Our people do a great amount of work hurriedly in forty to fifty years, which they might as well take fifty to sixty for, and do it comfortably at their leisure. As to sleeping and eating, especially, a man should take enough time to do them well, if he would maintain a sound mind in a sound body. Some persons seem to forget, in their desire to cram two minutes' work into every minute of time, that they have all eternity before them.

THE DRY WEATHER.—The country around Philadelphia is suffering greatly for want of rain, and we hear the same complaint from many other sections. Butter is now forty cents a pound, with a look upward, owing to the want of pasture. The effect upon the gardens also is disastrous, and the corn is beginning to suffer. As we write, there is a hazy condition of the atmosphere, which may presage wet weather, but which looks almost equally indicative of a regular drought.

☞ Mr. Brooks's address to his constituents asks a re-election on the ground of approval of his conduct in assaulting Mr. Sumner. He wants this made the only issue in the election—referring to a statement in the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*, "that nearly the whole South, in common with the whole North, now condemn the assault as unjustifiable and brutal."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 426—Adults 104, and children 322.

NOTES OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

No. 2.

From Elmira to Niagara by railway is a pleasant morning ride. If we had gone in the afternoon it would have been prettier, for the cars sweep along the borders of Seneca Lake, and that beautiful sheet of water must look enchanting when the westering sun glows on its smooth surface, and throws across it long shadows from the shores. We looked from the cars, for the moment allowed us by their rapid motion, down into the loveliest little glen, a miniature world of greenness and shade, a concentration of all the beauty of the woods, and alive with the music of a little stream that went hurrying down over the piled up mossy rocks to throw itself into the lake. It was the most charming thing of the kind we had ever seen.

Our rooms at the Cataract House, to our perfect satisfaction, overlooked the Rapids, and the first involuntary movement upon taking possession was to seat ourselves at the window and gaze at that swift rolling and rushing of mighty waters, roaring its ceaseless monotone to the ear while it feeds the fascinated eye with infinite beauty and terror and grandeur. The great volume of water that pours along this rocky descent to the Falls, is what no description had prepared us for.

The heat and dust of travel washed off, and its weariness long since charmed away, we were ready for dinner, which proved to be a very well managed affair. So successful, indeed, is the general conduct of this establishment, that at every stopping place throughout our tour, each and all of the party would still revert to the Cataract House, as the most complete in its arrangements for the quiet comfort of visitors. Its superiority was chiefly in its well-drilled corps of colored waiters. They seemed to have a natural aptitude for their vocation, and took an amusing degree of pleasure in the systematic harmony of their duties.

We were so fortunate as to have for our vis-a-vis at dinner a regular beauty—very fair, with that rounded fulness and well developed bust so rarely seen in America—large imperial eyes, such as rule society, a delicate nose, and small, sweet mouth. In face and form she might have sat for a painter's or sculptor's model. And then she knew how to eat, so as not to disturb but heighten the prestige of ideality that set her apart. There was no want of appreciation of the good things before her, but a hearty, sensible enjoyment of everything; and the dainty elegance with which she took her food was a perfect study. It is so refreshing to rest your eye upon something agreeable between the courses of a ceremonious dinner.

In the afternoon we strayed about the lovely shaded walks of Goat Island, looking at Indian curiosities, and enjoying from various points of view the turbulent rush of the Rapids, but refrained from seeking the crowning glory of the place in deference to the wishes of an absent member of our party, who made a point of being present on such an exciting occasion as any one's first sight of Niagara. The next morning, our party all complete, we set out in earnest to see the Falls, stopping first at a little island accessible by a bridge over the deepest and fiercest rush of the flood. It is entirely composed of rocks and trees—a complete network of roots filling all the spaces between, and binding the whole together in the strongest manner. Of course, this loveliest of all the islands that gem the Rapids, is called the Lover's Retreat. We smiled at the name as a piece of the superficial romance of the guide-books, and thought as we crossed the bridge, how all the sacred quiet of the place must have long since been trodden out by careless feet, and scared away by coarse laughter and frivolous speech. But we felt our mistake at once. It was like entering a temple, still and solemn, save the roaring anthem of the waters. The dread presence of Niagara keeps watch and ward over its purity. All round it are the Rapids forever rolling with a current so deep and strong that you look into it as into the face of Death, and though the ground is worn smooth by innumerable feet, no taint of vulgar spirits is in the air. The Genius of the place is all-powerful. From the seat we had taken, looking up the river, it seemed to come pouring out from the sky and down the rocky steps in a succession of cascades, with every beautiful change of form and every charming effect of light and shade that water can assume. Through an opening in the trees it formed a picture in a circular frame of foliage—a picture like nothing else in the world.

We took the wood path around Goat Island, chatting in the happiest mood until the Falls broke upon our view. People talk of being disappointed in their first sight of Niagara. This is something that we cannot understand. Whatever may have been anticipated, no human imagination could take in the full compass of *this* reality. All description fails, and the happy mortal who is privileged to see it can only gaze in speechless enjoyment, and say to others "come and see!"

The Falls have all sorts of visitors, however. One specimen we should not have believed in without witnessing. Near the American Fall, but not in sight of it, is placed a shaded rustic bench. Here we found a young lady sitting, and a gentleman, apparently her indulgent papa, was urging her to go with him down the path to get a good view of the Falls. "Not I!" said she, leaning her head indifferently back against the tree; "bad enough to have the noise of it all the time ringing in my head, without going any nearer to it!" Persuasion only fixed her more firmly in her seat. It was evident that Niagara was nothing to her. We heartily wished her at home in some stupid city street, where she might expend her raptures upon a love of a ribbon in a shop window. Only think how unequally the good things of the world are distributed, when the dull and insensible may visit the most inspiring spots of earth, while many a high enthusiast of nature is chained through life to one unvarying round of cares.

Goat Island is very beautiful. It has some grand old trees that would be the glory of any park, and the hemlock spruce and arbor vita grow native there with a green luxuriance that our gardens can seldom rival.

The place where perhaps you feel most impressively the power of Niagara is when you descend by Biddle's Staircase to the base of the overhanging cliffs, and standing at the entrance of the Cave of the Winds, listen to the heavy plunge of that vast body of water upon the rocks below. And the best view of the Falls undoubtedly is from the Canada side. Table Rock is all gone, so we did not leave our carriage at that point, but enjoyed as we rode the magnificent sight. The clear, bright green of the water contrasted with the white foam was a constant pleasure to our eye. Down in the river it is deep green like the sea—a marked peculiarity of color which its unfathomed depth does not altogether explain.

It is surprising how many ways men have contrived to approach this stupendous power that seems forever to frown back all familiarity. The most audacious thing of the kind is the trip across the river in the Maid of the Mist, directly facing the torrent. It is like a wild dream to recall how Niagara loomed up before us through the blinding spray, with a rainbow arching over its awful front.

The last evening of our stay at the Falls was spent in a ride to the Whirlpool, which is well worth a visit. It does not at first look so remarkable as the pictures of it would lead you to anticipate, but its terrific power grows upon you more and more as you view it from different points. The woods on the high river banks are beautiful exceedingly. The evening sun slanting through them shone full into the face of a bright orange lily, that was lighting up like a candle the green shade where it grew. We brought it away with us as a memento of the Whirlpool.

☞ The Boston Post says that brandy applications are recommended for baldness, continued externally until the hair is well started, and afterwards taken in generous quantities internally, *to clinch the roots*.

Life in Paris.

POTS AND KETTLES IN HONOR—A NEW JOURNAL—SAMARA A ROSE-GARDEN—TELEGRAPHIC NOVELTIES—LIGHT AND DARKNESS—A CONCLAVE OF MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMEN—A NOVEL DESERT—A PHILOSOPHIC COBBLER AND A SENSIBLE KING—PEDAGOGIC REVENGE—"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR," &c.—AN ODD ADVERTISEMENT—A MAGNIFICENT COSTUME—HANDS AND FEET—A PRECIOUS RELIC.

PARIS, July 10, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The noble International show of Cattle, Poultry, and Agricultural instruments, recently held here, is to be followed by an International Exhibition of every object of Domestic Economy, and especially of those which are mostly calculated to promote comfort and well-being among the poorer classes, to be opened in Brussels next month. The Directors of this new Exhibition, the first idea of which has been borrowed from the Gallery of Domestic Economy, got up by Prince Napoleon at the Great Exhibition of last year, have notified the public that no duty will be charged on articles exhibited from foreign countries unless such articles are sold after the Exhibition; and that the Belgian railways are prepared to transport all objects, native or foreign, sent to Berlin for the purpose of being exhibited, at one-half the regular charges.

The cutting through of the Isthmus of Suez, which will bring Bombay within twenty days' journey of London, being now definitely resolved upon, the company to whom the carrying-out of this magnificent work is to be entrusted, has founded a journal, called the "*Isthmus of Suez, journal of the two seas*," and edited by Ferdinand Lesseps—the soul of the enterprise—which will be devoted to the record of the progress of the work, and to the elucidation of the various scientific and naturamusic subjects connected therewith.

The inauguration of this stupendous undertaking, the laying down of the Atlantic Telegraph, and the successful termination of the Artesian Well now sending upwards its 5,000 gallons of pure water daily through the sands of Algeria, on the very edge of the desert, the reclaiming of which is now regarded as being certainly within human power, are so many consoling proofs of the transition now operating in human affairs; so many victories over the antagonism and individualism of the past, so many promises of "the good time coming," when the Spirit of War will be succeeded by the Spirit of Brotherhood, and the earth, no longer a battle-field, will realize the long cherished dream of Eden.

Much interest is just now excited by the improvements in the working of the Electric Telegraph just brought to bear by Prof. Botto of Turin, and M. Bernstein; by means of which the operator is enabled to perform the astounding feat of transmitting two distinct messages in the same or in contrary directions, at the same instant, and by the same electric wire, and also by the discovery, by M. Lesueurre, an *employee* in the Algerian Telegraph office, of an ingenious method of communicating at a distance by means of the sun's rays. An experiment has been attempted here, to test the value of this method, between the towers of the Church of St. Sulpice, and the Tower of Montlhery, in the presence of Leverrier and Liais, of the Paris Observatory, and Struve, Director of the Imperial Observatory of Poulkova, in Russia. The instrument imagined by Lesueurre is composed of two mirrors, one of which, moveable, reflects the sun's rays in the direction of their polarity, while the other, fixed, receives these rays, and again reflects them in any given direction. Two persons, placed in sight of one another, though ten leagues apart, and ignorant of their respective positions, are enabled, by the aid of this instrument, to discover, and to enter into communication with each other. The light reflected from the moveable mirror covering a horizontal zone of half a degree in height, the operator is enabled to sweep the horizon at pleasure, thus attracting the attention of the opposite party. The latter, having ascertained the point from which the flashes of light proceed, replies to the brilliant queries of his interlocuter by a steady blaze indicating his own position, which, being seen by the other party, and replied to in like manner, the business of intercommunication is once begun, and in the following manner: The signals consist of a double series of long and short flashes, produced by means of a sliding pannel which serves to interrupt at will the transmission of the pencil of concentrated rays. In the writing of messages thus transmitted, the short flashes are represented by dots, and the long ones by lines, as in the Morse telegraph; the alphabet in use for the latter being equally applicable to the heliographic system. These dots and lines may also be written by the sun himself upon a strip of photographic paper drawn with an equable movement across the focus of an object-glass. The ease with which this very simple apparatus (weighing some 20 lbs.) may be transported and set up, renders it particularly useful for travellers; and as the Southern part of Algeria, from the nature of its soil, is unsuited to the establishment of the electric telegraph, it is thought that this system may also prove very valuable to that country. Marshal Vaillant, Governor of Algeria, has pronounced in favor of its adoption, and it was in consequence of the Report which he caused to be addressed upon the subject to the Academy of Sciences here, that the experiments mentioned above were undertaken; experiments which, though conducted by means of apparatus very rudely constructed, were perfectly successful.

These evidences of progress contrast strangely enough with the rekindling of religious bigotry (if the two words can be allowed to stand together!) observable in the East, where the old Turkish party, the Greeks, and the Armenians, are equally furious against the impartiality of the recent *hatti-scherif* destined to confer equality of rights and duties on all the subjects of the Porte; and no less visible in Western Europe, where the Catholic Hierarchy seems to be waking up from the comparative quiescence of the last few years, and to be marshalling its forces for another onslaught on the Genius of Freedom.

The Austrian bishops, on their return to their respective dioceses from the conclave at Vienna, are publishing circulars to their flocks, informing them that they will not hesitate to employ the secular arm against those who abandon the Catholic faith; some of them go so far as to call for the re-establishment of capital punishment against "blasphemers." In Prussia, the Minister of Public Instruction has closed the Public Schools against Jewish children, much to the displeasure of the more enlightened part of the community. At Gisors, in France, the *Freres de la doctrine Chretienne*, in whose hands are most of the Primary Schools, have dismissed a considerable number of Protestant children from these establishments. Schools will be opened for the instruction of the children thus dismissed.

The order of friars, called Sacconi, mentioned in a recent letter as being charged by the ecclesiastical authorities of the Papal States to penetrate at pleasure into the houses of the citizens, with full powers to open and examine anything and everything they contain, has just given, at Ancona, a new proof of its vigilance and devotion. Count Masturi, Count Fazzoli, Marquis Mancini, Count Malacari, and the banker Baretta, had joined together to offer a banquet to the manager of the theatre of that city, to celebrate the close of the season, and invited also the favorite singer, Corteai, and the band of the orchestra, Polidori. The banquet was to be held on the sea-shore, upon the little island of San Clamenta. Unluckily, these gentlemen chose a Friday for their dinner-party; and the Sacconi, in their zeal for the due observation of this fast-day, having lost no time in putting their noses into the cooking utensils employed on the occasion, learned that besides the orthodox *plats maigres* a few dishes of meat had also been ordered. The Sacconi lost no time in denouncing this horrible impiety to Monsignor Antonucci, Bishop of Ancona, who sentenced the whole party to a fine of five dollars apiece, and five days' imprisonment. Hosts and guests being greatly taken aback by such an unlooked-for dessert to their dinner, waited on the Bishop, and explained to him that the manager being a Jew, the meat had been provided for him, and the *plats maigres* for the rest of the party. But the Bishop turned a deaf ear to these representations, and a few days afterwards a band of soldiers went round to the dwellings of each of the delinquents, at midnight, and carried off the whole group to prison. Nor is this all. Count Malacari, who had taken his wife and sister-in-law to the dinner, has been informed that as he is responsible for the crime committed by these two ladies; in addition to his own, he must pay fifteen dollars fine, and stay in prison fifteen days; and the banker, Baretta, who had also taken his wife to the island, pays ten dollars fine, and remains in prison ten days! In Piedmont, where a portion of the priesthood is all the more violent in proportion as the Government of Count Cavour shows itself resolute in the cause of Liberty, a shoemaker has been thrown into prison by the priests for the heinous crime of asserting that the Virgin Mary was the mother of other sons besides Jesus; "*King Honest-man*," (as he is styled by his people,) happily putting a speedy end to the poor fellow's incarceration, by causing him to be liberated at once by an order from his own royal hand.

The town of Florence is just now signalizing itself in an especial manner by the number of crimes committed within its precincts; a number which has increased considerably since the restablishment of capital punishment. Among other revolting atrocities recently committed in that beautiful city, is the murder of a child, by his teacher, a fitting pendant to the horrible incident of a similar character mentioned in one of my late letters. It seems that the teacher of the village school at San Gallo, just outside the gate of Florence, had a tame sparrow of which he was very fond, and was in the habit of telling his scholars that, if either of them did any injury to the bird, he should "perish by his hand." A few days since, one of the boys, either out of mischief, or by accident, trod on the sparrow, and killed it. Frightened at what he had done, the child ran away, and took refuge at home, having told his parents of what had happened. The teacher followed the child to his home, and there, in the presence of his father, told him not to be alarmed at what he had done, that he forgave him the death of the bird, and wished him to come back to school, promising that nothing should be done to him. Upon these promises the child went back. When the school was dismissed, the teacher told the child to remain, and as soon as the school-room was empty, he strangled him with his own hands. The father, learning the murder of his child, ran to the school-house, and stabbed the teacher to the heart with his knife. The local papers do not state whether the teacher was a priest or a layman; but as lay teachers are rarely employed in the public schools of that region, it may, not uncharitably, be inferred that this shocking occurrence is but another sample of the brutal vindictiveness for which the ignorant and bigotted friars who play so important a part in Italian affairs have long been unhappily conspicuous.

But *Firenze la bella* is still the artist-city *par excellence*, in spite of the sudden development of capital offences among her citizens. A committee has just been formed there for collecting, in small sums, a subscription that shall enable the city to purchase, from the sculptor Pio Fedi, his noble group of the *Death of Polinices*, which is said by connoisseurs to be worthy of Michael-Angelo and Canova; to erect at Livaurna, a statue to Americo Vespucci, native of that town; and to pay for six statues, to be presented to Pisa, Pistoia, Arezza, Sienna, Lucca, and Prato.

Meantime the patriots of Rome have caused a medal to be struck in honor of Count de Cavour, and presented to him through Marquis Migliorati, the Sardinian *charge* at that city. In the accompanying address, which sums up, in glowing terms, the services rendered to the cause of Progress by Piedmont, both in the Crimea, and in the Congress of Paris, occurs this passage, of excellent augury for the future of Italy; "Rome, fully confiding in the initiative of Piedmont in the cause of Italian regeneration, applauds her efforts on behalf of their common country; and feeling itself worthy to aspire to the Civil Government which from the genius and character of the Italian people, and from political reasons, suits the entire nation, expresses its ardent hope that the means pointed out by diplomatic foresight may accelerate the accomplishment of the desires of the citizens of Italy."

Despite the negations of a portion of the European press, it is fully believed that the Emperor Napoleon's visit to Plombieres will be the occasion of an interview between himself and Francis-Joseph; and that the affairs of Italy will furnish the principal topic of their discussions. It is evident that some conclusion in favor of Italian regeneration must speedily be arrived at by the "Great Powers," if they wish to see the revolutionary storm dispersed without breaking.

The Gazette de Cologne, which is just out with a statement of its regret at having been hoaxed into publishing the famous letter alluded to in my last, as being written by the young Count de Paris, contains the following advertisement by the eccentric old Baron Hallberg, of the Castle of Hermannsdorf, near Landshut: "My two lady-readers have left me, and have gone to the city in search of lovers which were not be had in my old castle. I now desire to find a young lady, well educated, and speaking English and French. Her sole occupation will be to read aloud, which will enable her to perfect herself in those tongues. Her wages will be four hundred florins a year. If she speaks Italian she will have one hundred florins more. Besides her wages she will have an excellent plain table; and strong Mocha coffee three times a-day, but without sugar, because it spoils coffee. Married ladies and old maids will not be taken. I must also add that all my servants eat at my table, because all men are equal."

Moscow is already the scene of great excitement, and every window and roof overlooking the coronation procession of the new Monarch of all the Russias is being rented out at fabulous prices. Among other sights anticipated by the good people of that ancient city with great eagerness, is the display to be made by the representative of the princely house of Esterhazy, so famous in the history of heir-looms. Count Paul Esterhazy, special ambassador from the Court of Austria on this occasion, is making most magnificent preparations for his appearance. Besides a crowd of servants, and carriages covered with gold and silver, the Count's own costume will be something astounding, being covered with the immemorial Esterhazy jewels, to the amount of several millions of florins. The famous "Esterhazy diamond," valued at 300,000 florins, will figure at the base of the plume of his hat; and the harness of his horse will be as thickly covered with precious stones as the costume of the prince himself.

A sale of the works of Ducoruet, the eminent painter of Lille, born without feet, and lately deceased, has just taken place here, and has realized a handsome little fortune for the artist's aged father. This extraordinary instance of the power of genius to triumph over adverse circumstances, is not without a parallel. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, in a lecture lately delivered by him on "Comparative Anatomy," at the Jardin des Plants, mentioned the case of Thomas Schweicker, who lived in the 16th century, and who, though born without arms, won high reputation as a sculptor, draughtsman and penman! "In Senegal," continued the distinguished professor, "is a race of negroes who weave with their feet; and another race, the Cajaras, who weave with their hands and feet with equal facility. The Caycuras are equally adroit at throwing the balls with hands or feet; and the Barajas use their feet with marvellous *dexterity* in robbing the pockets of travellers who venture into their territory!"

The Museum of Antiquities, at Beaune, has just added to its treasures a muscle of the arm of John the Fearless, a scrap of the bullock's hide in which his corpse (enveloped in the robes of the Chartreux, in whose chapel he was buried at Dieppe,) was rolled up previous to being placed in the coffin. On the recent exhumation of this coffin, the smell of the spices with which the body of the duke was embalmed was strongly apparent, and the hair of the stout old warrior was as perfect as when he was interred by the hands of the monks, four hundred years ago.

QUANTUM.

☞ One of our contemporaries, alarmed at Mr. Brooks's threat that "a blow from him would be followed by a revolution," calls upon the authorities of the District to bind him over in a few thousands to keep the peace. It says, "it is dangerous to suffer a man with such wonderful power to go at large, shaking the Constitution, and refraining, by an effort of self-control, from dissolving the Union."

☞ Much of the world's "progress" is in a wrong direction.

☞ As ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, so good breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equal.

☞ When the Roman poet was told by a phlegmatic friend, to mind his own business, and not to meddle in other men's affairs, he made the immortal reply: "I am a man, and whatever relates to my fellow creatures also touches me."

☞ People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupation in life; but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you—it will be your support in youth and comfort in age.

☞ Gentleman from the rural districts (after vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery of chafing-dishes.)—Look-a-here, waiter, bring me some oysters, but have 'em biled down stairs. I don't want none o' them darned little cook stoves.

☞ He dies like a beast who has done no good while he lived.

☞ A lady leaving home, was thus addressed by her little boy: "Mamma, will you remember to buy me a penny whistle, and let it be a *religious* one, that I can use it on Sunday."

☞ Mr. Meriam, the Brooklyn meteorologist, who has a memoranda of the weather on the Fourth of July for a period of sixty-seven consecutive years, from 1789 to 1855, both inclusive, states that rain has fallen on but thirteen fourth days of July, during that term. This is equal to a fall of rain on less than one day in five.

☞ "I shan't be with you a great while, Jane," said Mr. Melter; "I shan't stay here a great while." "Oh, Mr. Melter, how can you talk so?" said Mrs. M., with a lugubrious expression of face. "Because," continued he, "I feel as if I was most gone, and that I was just passing away like a cloud before the rising sun." Mr. Melter verified his prophecy the next week, by running away with a sympathizing sister.

☞ More are drowned in the wine-cup than in the ocean.

☞ It is a proverb at college, that the students who graduate with the highest honors are seldom heard of afterwards.

☞ The inventor of the "back action hen persuader" has invented a curious hydrometric pantaloons suspender. The "galluses" in question are so susceptible to moisture, that on your approach to water they contract, lift you over, and drop you on the opposite side.

☞ ALL'S (S) WELL THAT ENDS (S) WELL.—The term "swell" has generally been applied to overdressed gentlemen; but, if the ladies' dresses go on expanding at their present rate to balloonines, we shall soon see the little boys running after a lady, who may be as broad as an omnibus, and hear them crying out lustily, "There goes a swell!"—*Punch*.

☞ A QUERY FOR SCEPTICS.—Is geology to be credited when she asserts that mankind have for thousands of years maintained their existence on a crust?

☞ The New York Post says, if you praise a man for being a brute, you will have brutes in human shape at every corner of the streets.

☞ Music not only improves a man's tastes, but his morals. It gives him a taste for home that improves his habits wonderfully. The man who spends his evenings with a piano is seldom seen in dram shops, and never with night brawlers. We believe in music, and candidly think that one flute will do as much towards driving rowdyism out of a neighborhood as four policeman and a bull-dog.

☞ A very corpulent traveller was riding through the city of Padua, and several of the inhabitants, noted for their wit, asked him why he carried his baggage before him? he replied—"'Tis my custom when I go to a town full of thieves."

☞ A German, named Reisberg, was recently executed at Bidwell, California, for murder. As he was being conducted to the place of execution, a friend approached and shook him by the hand with the feeling advice—"Take care of yourself, old fellow."

☞ A boy, fourteen years of age, was recently arrested at Roxwell, England, for stealing an egg—valued, a half-penny—tried, convicted, and sentenced to four days' hard labor and to be once whipped!

☞ An ancient case of Filibustering and its punishment, is thus related in a very old volume, with which a great many now-a-days seem to be unacquainted:—A certain Naboth had a vineyard contiguous to the palace of Ahab, King of Israel, in Samaria, which the said King coveted and asked for as follows:—"Give me thy vineyard that I may have it for a garden of herbs, *because it is near* unto my house." Naboth refusing to part with it, the result was, he was put to death and his vineyard taken. But Ahab was told, and it came to pass: "Thus saith the Lord, in the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine."

☞ The Home Journal observes that another bubble has broken by the recent development of the fact, that the costly displays of bridal presents at numerous weddings in New York for a few years back, have been hired from extensive jewellers for a reasonable amount.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—We visited, a few day since, a spot rendered somewhat memorable as having been the scene of a duel between two of Kentucky's chivalrous sons. The position of the duellists, about ten paces, was marked by two trees, one of which bears the initials of one of the party's entire name cut in the bark, the other bears only the initial of the last name of the other party. The tree under which the party stood who was killed, is dead, having, as we are credibly informed, gradually decayed from the time. The other tree is singularly typical of the condition of the surviving party, who is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum, standing, as it does, with the lower branches full of life and verdure, while its top is dead and leafless. Strange thoughts crowded our minds, as we stood and gazed upon these unfortunate witnesses to an unfortunate deed.—*Georgetown Journal*.

FROM KANSAS.—ST. LOUIS, July 25.—Gen. Stringfellow, and other citizens of Preston, issued a handbill on July 8th, calling on all Missourians to go over to Kansas before August, to vote at the November election under Toombs' bill.

Lane's party, which has been going to Kansas through Iowa, consisted, it is said, of about 300 persons, including women and children. Their movements create great excitement; and the Missourians gave out, that they are prepared for them, and will intercept them.

Gen. Smith, U. S. A., gives out that no armed men from other States—either from Missouri or any other quarter—can enter Kansas to invade it.

WASHINGTON, July 25.—There is much excitement and indignation among the Irish portion of our population at the acquittal of Mr. Herbert. He left Washington early this morning. The two trials have cost the government about $1800.

Letter from England.

RETURN OF CRIMEAN TROOPS—REVIEW AT ALDERSHOTT—PUBLIC ENTRY OF THE GUARDS—POPULAR ENTHUSIASM—THE QUEEN "ENCORED"—ARISTOCRACY IN THE CROWD—AN UNEXPECTED DEMONSTRATION.

LONDON, July, 1856.

As the troops return gradually from the Crimea, the good people of England begin to realise that the war is really over, and as some two months after the illuminations and rejoicings of Paris were over, London actually roused itself up to the demonstration pitch, so now, when the peace has already almost ceased to be a general topic of the day, and speculation even begins to be roused as to whether the Emperor of Russia will not be presently included in the round of royal visits that have been going on so actively of late years, London also is thrown into a state of upside down enthusiasm, by the public entry of the "Guards" from the Crimea.

On Wednesday, the Queen reviewed the returned battalions of the Crimean troops at Aldershott. It was to have been a grand day for sight-lovers. The Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and their suite, including many distinguished visitors, slept on the ground, in temporary buildings erected for their accommodation, the night previous, that they might be present early. Wednesday dawned, if indeed such a day could be said to have a dawn, amidst such torrents of rain that even the military supposed the review would be postponed. At the appointed hour, however, the royal party made its appearance, accompanied by a brilliant staff of general officers. The Queen was in a carriage, but Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales were on horseback, the latter on a little Shetland pony, which, with its glossy coat, irresistibly suggested the idea of a drowned rat. Under the drenching rain, and in spite of the cold wind that moaned across the low hills and desolate broad moorland of Aldershott, the review took place. The troops splashed through the evolutions in a manner which must have reminded them of old experiences, and have given their royal visitors a lively idea of similar scenes in the Crimea. The Queen, however, nothing daunted by the roar of the elements, made her speech of welcome from an open carriage, the commanding officers, and four men from each regiment, being drawn up around her, that they at least might hear it, and be her reporters to their comrades.

As a sort of compensation, however, Thursday, the day appointed for the public entry of the returned Guards, was a bright, mild summer's day, and soon after daylight the whole population of London appeared to be on foot, and pouring into the Parks and streets through which the procession was to pass. The troops, three battalions of the Guards, 3,200 in number, were brought to London by special trains on the South Western Railway. From the station they proceeded to Charing Cross, the Houses of Parliament, through Pall Mall to Buckingham Palace, thence to Hyde Park, where the review was to take place. Long before 11, A. M., the hour at which the troops arrived, the whole line of march was crowded with a dense mass of people, and, as is always the case in England, the crowd was the most imposing part of the display. The windows of the Houses of Parliament and of the public offices in the neighborhood were crowded, principally with ladies. The great club houses in Pall Mall were radiant with gay toilettes, rarely seen at those windows, usually filled with very different occupants. At the Horse Guards, the military head-quarters, the Duke of Cambridge and a brilliant company of officers and ladies were assembled. Bouquets of laurel and flowers were showered upon the soldiers. The cheers of the immense crowd were almost deafening, and the soldiers themselves seemed much inclined to join in the popular enthusiasm as they passed the spot, perhaps the most interesting to them on the line of march. But almost more deafening were the cheers that greeted them as the head of the column, leaving the broad line of Pall Mall, entered the gates of St. James's Park, and came in view of Buckingham Palace. The balcony of the Palace was hung with crimson tapestry, the standard of England floated among the allied flags, and the Queen and all the royal family, accompanied by the King of the Belgians, Prince Oscar of Sweden, the Count of Flanders, and other distinguished visitors, were awaiting upon the balcony the arrival of the troops. Every window of the whole front of the building was crowded, and the Park was one dense mass of spectators. All the regimental bands united in the air of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," as the troops, saluting the Queen, defiled rapidly in front of the Palace, the Queen and her guests welcoming them with enthusiasm as they passed. As the last ranks of the column left the Park, the Queen withdrew from the balcony, but was re-called by the incessant cheering and shouting of the people. She re-appeared, somewhat amused, but evidently as well pleased as a great actress to be re-called by the plaudits of her audience. After bowing to her loyal subjects, she was at length allowed to withdraw, and proceeded at once with the Court to Hyde Park. Here, following the form of the ground, a large oblong space had been railed off for the review, in which were drawn up the home battalions of the Guards, leaving spaces between them to be occupied by their returned companions. Beyond the barrier, the whole rising ground of the Park was so densely crowded that it would seem as though even London could hardly have furnished such a mass of people, in addition to the crowds through which the procession had already passed. Here and there tall scaffoldings, raised above the crowd, were covered with spectators. The top of the Marble Arch, one of the principal entrances to the Park, was crowded with men and boys. The whole line of lofty houses bordering the Park was alive with ladies, on the roofs, platforms hung with pink or crimson cloth, had been erected for their accommodation. As no carriages were allowed to enter the Park, except those of the Queen and her escort, not a few amusing incidents occurred to some of the aristocratic visitors, who were not much accustomed to find themselves thus brought into actual contact with the great mass of their neighbors. Among others, Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary of State, made his appearance at the barrier, and wished to enter to take his appointed place among the Ministers, &c., who were awaiting the Queen; the police, however, not being personally acquainted with him, declined allowing him to proceed; he made several attempts at different parts of the line, all in vain, until he accidentally attracted the attention of some of the reporters of the press stationed within the enclosure, who certified his position, and he was thus enabled to join his colleagues, who appeared highly amused by his adventures.

About 1 P. M., the procession made its appearance, passing Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington, they entered the Park, and amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the people, formed in the spaces left for them among the Home battalions, easily distinguishable from them, however, by their ragged colors, bronzed faces, and Crimean decorations. Shortly after, the Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by a large party of Royal visitors, general officers, &c., made their appearance, and drove slowly down the line, which received the Queen with enthusiasm, to the saluting point, marked by a crimson banner. The horses were taken from the carriages, which were drawn up in front of the standards, and the troops defiled before the Queen, who testified her warm satisfaction as they passed. After passing the saluting point, the soldiers reformed, and as the Queen drove past to leave the Park, the soldiers, with true British uproariousness, joined in the cheers, tossing up their bear-skin caps, or waving them on the tops of their bayonets, in hearty demonstration of their satisfaction at finding themselves once more at home!

After the departure of the royal party, a very unexpected incident occurred, a popular demonstration for which no one was prepared, and which took the authorities very much by surprise. At one point, the crowd broke through the strong police force, drawn up in line to keep the pressure from the barrier enclosing the review-ground, and with a wild yell of the most extraordinary description, charged upon the soldiers. The gallant Crimeans would probably not have been so much discomposed by a charge of Russians, they would at least have known what to make of it, which it was very evident that neither they nor their officers did with regard to this extraordinary conduct of their beloved countrymen. The mystery, however, was soon explained, an immense number of those who had friends and relatives in the returned battalions, had collected among the crowd, and now that the ceremony was over, they had at length succeeded in their efforts to find an opening by which to approach, and hundreds began eagerly to seek to recognize among the long lines drawn up before them, the friends and relatives of whom they were in search. Order, however, was soon restored, and the troops withdrew to their barracks.

As is always the case in England, everything that was imposing in the scene came from the people. The great moral force of a vast English crowd, and its overwhelming enthusiasm when excited, gave a greatness and dignity to the display, which would otherwise have been entirely wanting. All the arrangements that gave such effect to the reception in Paris, the splendid effect of the long line of streets hung with tapestries and waving with banners, the soldiers entering immediately upon their arrival, in their travel-stained uniforms, the broken lines of the regiments not yet filled up, the bands of convalescents, still unable to bear arms, that followed their regiments with branches of laurel and wreaths of immortelles, appealing so powerfully to the feelings of the spectators, all was absent in the English reception. The men had been so long at rest, that with their clean uniforms, their lines all filled, and their healthy, substantial appearance, a jollier band of warriors never marched through the streets of London. But to the crowds assembled to welcome them, their appearance was nevertheless not less thrilling than the more effective display of Paris; for in truth they were not the same Guards as those who marched so hopefully from London at the commencement of the war. Very few of the original Guards returned. For example, out of 1,350 engaged at Inkermann, 570 fell; and as their loss was almost as great in many other engagements, it may easily be imagined that their reappearance in London, so entirely changed, was not without effect upon the people to whom the change was so perceptible.

BROOKS VS. BURLINGAME.

STATEMENT OF PRESTON S. BROOKS.

The following is the statement of Mr. Brooks in reference to his difficulty with Mr. Burlingame:

TO THE PUBLIC.

It is with extreme reluctance that I am constrained to transfer a private quarrel from its legitimate field into the public press. The fault, however, does not properly rest with me, as an impartial public will decide after reading the following card from Anson Burlingame, member of Congress from Massachusetts:

"A CARD.—I am informed that the memorandum of a recent conversation of myself and friends with the friends of Mr. Brooks has received, in some quarters, from its position, as appended to Mr. Brooks's speech, an interpretation which does injustice to its real meaning and to my intentions. This is what I say, and have said, in relation to my speech: That I observed in it the rules of personal and parliamentary decorum; that I could not qualify or retract any portion of it, and held myself responsible to any gentleman aggrieved. This is the only construction which I supposed would be placed on the *memorandum*, which my friends reduced to writing, that there might be no misunderstanding. But inasmuch as attempts, not altogether unsuccessful, have been made to pervert *its true meaning*, I now withdraw it. And, that there may not be any misapprehension in the future, I say, explicitly, that I leave my speech to interpret itself, and hold myself responsible for it, without qualification or amendment. A. BURLINGAME.

"Washington, July 19, 1856."

This card was first published in the Intelligencer on Monday, the 21st inst., though it is dated July 19.

As soon as I could procure a friend—which was in less than two hours after I first saw the card—the following message was sent to Mr. Burlingame:

"WASHINGTON, July 21, 1856.

"SIR—Will you do me the kindness to indicate some place, outside of this district, where it will be convenient to you to negotiate in reference to the difference between us.

Very respectfully, &c.,

"P. S. BROOKS.

"Hon. A. BURLINGAME."

Apprehending an arrest from the officious interference of Mr. Burlingame's friends—I knew that no friend of mine would lodge information—I nightfall I left my own rooms and went to the house of a friend for greater security. At about 12 o'clock Gen. Lane called and delivered Mr. Burlingame's reply to my note, which reads as follows:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21, 1856.

"SIR—Your note of this date was placed in my hands by Gen. Lane this afternoon. In reply, I have to say that I will be at the Clifton House, on the Canada side of Niagara Falls, on Saturday next, at 12 o'clock, M., to 'negotiate' in reference to any 'difference between us,' which, in your judgment, may require settlement 'outside of this District.'

"I have the honor to be,

"Your obedient servant,

"A. BURLINGAME.

"Hon. P. S. BROOKS."

In order that the public may fully understand the whole matter in relation to Mr. Burlingame and myself, it is necessary to revert to events antecedent to the last correspondence between us. Some time during the last month he made a speech in the House of Representatives, and when referring to the assault upon Senator Sumner, he applied this language to myself:—"Stole into the Senate Chamber, and struck his brother as Cain did Abel."

When the sentence was uttered, my friend, Mr. Keitt, who knew that I was absent, pronounced it false, under which imputation Mr. Burlingame quietly seated. I did not at the same time feel it my duty to hold Mr. Burlingame responsible for his language, and might perhaps have permitted him and his words to pass. It was not long, however, before intimations from divers sources reached me that the friends of Mr. Burlingame were boasting of his valorous assault upon me—of his expertness with the rifle, which they more than insinuated had come to my ears, in explanation of my forbearance—and that he himself was making capital at home in consequence of his courageous conduct. In regard to the insult given him by Mr. Keitt, it was said that he (Mr. Burlingame) would not send, but that he would accept a challenge.

Under these circumstances, I felt that forbearance was no longer a virtue, and requested my friend, Mr. Bocock, on the 1st day of July, to go to Mr. Burlingame with the simple question, "Would he receive a call from me?" The reply to this short question is to be found in the following extract from a written statement made to me by Mr. Bocock:—

"Mr. Burlingame then commenced an explanation, which led to a long conversation between us, in the course of which he made many statements which he said were confidential. Omitting these, the answer which he desired me to bear to you was substantially this: That he had no unkind feelings whatsoever for you, but, on the contrary, regarded you as a man of courage and a man of honor—that while he disapproved of the assault on Mr. Sumner, and felt bound as a Massachusetts man to condemn it, he had designed to discriminate between the man and the act. Let it be remembered that this language was used on the 1st of July, and he had said no more on the subject than his sense of representative duty required. Under these circumstances, he was surprised to find that you had taken exception to anything which he said. In relation to the boasts that had been thrown out in his name, he stated that they had not been authorized by him, out on the contrary, he very strongly condemned them and their author; and if, after all this, you were not satisfied, and wanted his blood, he stated that he could do nothing less than accept, and would do so. Before leaving Mr. Burlingame, I recapitulated what I understood to be his answer. He agreed that I was right, and added, 'Describe me to him as you see me. Do justice to my kind feelings to him, and do justice also to my manhood.'"

I do justice to Mr. Burlingame, in thought, bearing and speech. I was pleased with the report of his bearing, and impressed with the belief that he was an elevated gentleman, and when next I met him I respectfully offered him my hand, which he as respectfully received. On the day that the resolution for my expulsion was taken up in the House, intending to be severe in my remarks upon certain of its members, as also upon the State of Massachusetts, I requested Mr. Bocock to submit his written statement to Mr. Burlingame for his approval or rejection. In relation to this point, Mr. Bocock says, in his last statement—"On the morning on which you made your speech, and resigned your seat in the House, I handed Mr. Burlingame the statement which I had prepared, and he has never returned it to me." I informed Mr. Bocock that I must and should have an acquittance from Mr. Burlingame; and on the evening of the day on which my speech was made, my friend Mr. Bocock brought me the memorandum which was appended to my speech, and which is in the hand writing of Speaker Banks. The memorandum was, in all essential points, the same as Mr. Bocock's statement, the original of which Mr. Burlingame had retained, but a copy of which I had fortunately kept. This memorandum I accepted, under the advice of friends, in lieu of Mr. Bocock's statement, and was told that it was generous to do so. I did it to save Mr. Burlingame's feelings, whose associates, I was informed, were pressing him.

And yet, after all this—after five days of delay—Mr. Burlingame had the effrontery to embarrass his counselling friends, and to repudiate, on the 19th of July, because of an assumed false instruction "in some quarters," an instrument which contained apologies which he had made on the 1st of the month, and which apologetic construction he had repeatedly admitted to be true, and also in the presence of his friend Mr. Banks. He now even affects the Chevalier, and defiantly says, "I leave my speech to interpret itself, and hold myself responsible for it, without qualification or amendment."

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I respectfully ask that the subjoined letter from Gen. Lane may be read, and submit my conduct to the intelligent and spirited people of every State in the Union. P. S. BROOKS,

WASHINGTON CITY, July 22, 1856.

LETTER OF GEN. LANE.

DEAR SIR—I have deemed it proper and just to make the following statement:—

At your request I called yesterday, at near 3 o'clock, as your friend, upon Hon. Mr. Burlingame, that being the first opportunity I had of meeting him and of delivering your note. After he had read it, I informed him that I was requested by you to urge that a meeting should take place at the earliest practicable moment, suggesting that afternoon, or this morning at 4 o'clock, and hoped, that it would suit his convenience. I further stated that you had supposed that all difference between you and himself had been adjusted; that he (Mr. Burlingame) had reopened the matter, as you supposed, for a personal difficulty, and that you were anxious to have it ended without delay.

He replied—"That is the feeling of a gallant man, and Brooks is a brave man;" that he would have to look out for a friend, and had none in his mind at that time, and perhaps he could not be ready for a meeting at as early an hour as you requested.

I also impressed upon him the necessity of entire secrecy, save with his friend, and further requested that he or his friend would communicate with me at my seat while the House was in session, or at my room after its adjournment; and as he had the right of selecting the place for the meeting, and such other arrangements as are usual upon such occasions, that he would have the kindness to let me know at as early an hour as was convenient when and where, and what it would be.

Last evening, about 11 o'clock, the enclosed note from Mr. Burlingame, was placed in my hands by the Hon L. D. Campbell. The place of meeting designated in said note is so far distant, and would subject you to so many hazards of arrest, and also to a jurisdiction without the limits of the United States, that as your friend, I advise you, without hesitation, to take no further notice of the matter.

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A CARD.

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"Mr. Keitt (in his seat). That is false.

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"Sir, the act was brief, and my comments on it shall be brief also. I denounce it in the name of the Constitution it violated. I denounce it in the name of the sovereignty of Massachusetts, which was stricken down by the blow. I denounce it in the name of humanity. I denounce it in the name of civilization, which it outraged. I denounce it in the name of that fair play which bullies and prize fighters respect.

"What, strike a man when he is pinioned, when he cannot respond to a blow! Call you that chivalry? In what code of honor did you get your authority for that? God knows my heart. I desire to speak with kindness. I speak in no sort of revenge. I do not believe the member has a friend who must not in his heart of hearts condemn the act. Even the member himself—if he has left a spark of that chivalry and gallantry attributed to him—he himself must loathe and scorn the act."

On the first day of July, ten days after, the Hon. T. S. Bocock, of Virginia, called to see me, and that I may not do him injustice, I give his own words, taken from a statement made for Mr. Brooks, which statement he placed in my hands, informing me at the same time that Mr. Brooks had a copy:

"At the request of the Hon. P. S. Brooks, of South Carolina, I called yesterday evening to see the Hon. Mr. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, at his lodgings, at Guy's National Hotel, in this city. Having informed Mr. Burlingame that I had a private communication to make to him, and that I desired a private interview for that purpose, we went, at his suggestion, to his own room, where we were entirely alone. I stated, in the first place, that I wished him to know that I had come merely to deliver a verbal message to him, and to take back such reply as he might think proper to send by me, and that my connection with the matter would in all events end there. Having thus explained my own position in the matter, I then informed him that I was requested by my friend, Col. Brooks, to say that he regarded certain language employed by him, Mr. Burlingame, in his speech on the Brooks and Sumner affair, as injurious and offensive to him, Col. Brooks; that being already under arraignment for the assault on Mr. Sumner, he had wished to get no further notoriety for empty challenges and idle demonstrations of fight. He had for this reason foreborne till now, through several days, to send him any message of a hostile character. But within the last few days he had been informed from various sources that he, Mr. Burlingame, stood ready to answer, in any way, and to any person aggrieved, for what he had said. Col. Brooks felt justified, therefore, in sending me to him to inquire distinctly whether he, Mr. Burlingame, would accept a call from him, Col. Brooks, to answer for the offence which he had given him."

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"What, strike a man when he is pinioned, when he cannot respond to a blow! Call you that chivalry? In what code of honor did you get your authority for that? God knows my heart. I desire to speak with kindness. I speak in no sort of revenge. I do not believe the member has a friend who must not in his heart of hearts condemn the act. Even the member himself—if he has left a spark of that chivalry and gallantry attributed to him—he himself must loathe and scorn the act."

On the first day of July, ten days after, the Hon. T. S. Bocock, of Virginia, called to see me, and that I may not do him injustice, I give his own words, taken from a statement made for Mr. Brooks, which statement he placed in my hands, informing me at the same time that Mr. Brooks had a copy:

"At the request of the Hon. P. S. Brooks, of South Carolina, I called yesterday evening to see the Hon. Mr. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, at his lodgings, at Guy's National Hotel, in this city. Having informed Mr. Burlingame that I had a private communication to make to him, and that I desired a private interview for that purpose, we went, at his suggestion, to his own room, where we were entirely alone. I stated, in the first place, that I wished him to know that I had come merely to deliver a verbal message to him, and to take back such reply as he might think proper to send by me, and that my connection with the matter would in all events end there. Having thus explained my own position in the matter, I then informed him that I was requested by my friend, Col. Brooks, to say that he regarded certain language employed by him, Mr. Burlingame, in his speech on the Brooks and Sumner affair, as injurious and offensive to him, Col. Brooks; that being already under arraignment for the assault on Mr. Sumner, he had wished to get no further notoriety for empty challenges and idle demonstrations of fight. He had for this reason foreborne till now, through several days, to send him any message of a hostile character. But within the last few days he had been informed from various sources that he, Mr. Burlingame, stood ready to answer, in any way, and to any person aggrieved, for what he had said. Col. Brooks felt justified, therefore, in sending me to him to inquire distinctly whether he, Mr. Burlingame, would accept a call from him, Col. Brooks, to answer for the offence which he had given him."

The above discloses the purpose for which Mr. Bocock called. What follows is the extract from his own account, published by Mr

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

"A QUIET DAY."

That astonishing phenomenon of modern naval architecture, "The old John Hancock," that unaccountable collection of fire-wood joined together by copper bolts, propelled by a scant allowance of steam, and *held back*—more than half the time—by her masts and sails, was, singular as the assertion may seem to persons who have ever seen her, *still afloat*, and in the active prosecution of the survey of the coast of China, around and about the mouth of the Pi-ho River. Latitude 38 deg., 58 min., 30 sec. North; longitude 117 deg., 37 min., 20 sec. East.

The weather was just cool enough to make it pleasant for a person engaged in moderate exercise on a ship's deck, and extremely unpleasant for one whose fortune should confine him to a cramped-up boat without any exercise at all. This latter was my case on the day spoken of. I received an order to "stand by" to go away in the launch for all day, and immediately set about providing a lunch, etc., after which I buttoned my coat around me, put a pea-coat and blanket over my left arm, and with my lunch in my right hand ascended to the spar deck. In the meantime the boat was being manned, and the crew seeing me thus fortified took it for granted that there was "something ahead," and armed themselves likewise. There was one material difference between us, however; while mine was a spare blanket reserved expressly for the purpose, theirs belonged to their hammocks: now should we all return wet to the skin and at midnight—as was often the case—I would have a dry bed to retire to, while they would be forced to cover with blankets that had just had the salt water wrung out of them or shiver through the rest of the night *without any covering at all*. But I am after all producing a wrong impression of the difference between us, for in giving an idea of their frequent sufferings and hardships, I am making ours appear lighter than they really were.

I say it without fear, and with the hope that the publication of this and similar truths may result in her miserable old timbers being broken up for firewood, and thus scattered to the four winds of heaven—I say that there was scarcely an officer on board of the United States surveying steamer John Hancock who could boast of a dry bed when it rained or when we were in a seaway, simply from the fact that both her sides and deck *leaked horribly*. Why didn't you caulk her? I think I hear some one ask.

The answer is very simple; we *had* caulked them over and over again, until the seams had opened to treble their former width, and time given ample proof that it was productive of no good. The fact was that she was so long and snaky in her proportions that she worked in all of her timbers like a rickety old basket, thus making out the oakum and pitch with her first heavy spell at rolling. After that we were of course drenched whenever it rained or the sea broke over us. But all this has little to do with "a quiet day."

At 10 A. M. everything in the shape of provisions, water, ammunition, &c., being in the boat, and the crew amply provided with pea-coats and blankets, I stepped over the gangway, stowed myself away in the starboard after sternsheets, and gave the order to "shove off forward." The old launch dropped heavily astern of the ship as the engine-bell rang "ahead slow," while the Phenomenon herself laboriously began to gather her unsteady headway. Soon we heard the bell ring "ahead strong," and then voices began to be lost and faces to be mixed up, and not to be recognized. At last we were left alone upon the proverbially treacherous bosom of the gulf of Pichili, with a clumsy and leaky boat, a six-pounder howitzer, mounted forward, a week's provisions and water stowed about in spots,* and a dozen ash oars, and the mast and sail, with which to protect ourselves against said "proverbial treachery."

My orders were to anchor where I was left, and make tidal observations during the day, and that I would be picked up by the ship towards night; a most pleasant(!) state of inaction for a cold, raw day. Down went the anchor, however, as soon as the "Old John" had steamed clear of us, over went the lead, and five and a half fathoms was reported as the *then* depth of water. I made an entry of the time and fathoms in the field book, wrapped my blanket around me, and settled back into my corner until ten minutes should float by, and another cast of the lead take place. The leadsman and myself were the only two in the boat employed *at all*, and all that we did was to get the depth of water every ten minutes, and make a note of it. The time passed heavily enough, as may be imagined. I don't think any one will say that it was not "a quiet day."

It was not only a quiet day as far as work and noise were concerned, but the elements also partook of the general drowsiness. Not a passing cloud interposed itself between us and the welcome rays of the sun; not a fitful breath of disturbed air chilled our blood, or darkly ruffled the smooth and polished surface of the sleeping gulf—all was quiet, nature lived her inanimate life around us, in the shape of water and sky only, for the lowland of the Chinese province of Pichili, though visible from the deck of the steamer, had sunk below the clearly defined horizon as we descended into the boat, and the ship herself had slowly steamed from us on her trackless path, until from a mere speck upon the opposite horizon she had finally disappeared entirely. Neither the air or the water showed a sign of animal life; we were alone upon the motionless surface of an unknown sea, with the silent repose of nature as our only companion. I began to yawn, and feeling the want of occupation of some kind, handed the watch to the cockswain to note the intervals, took a volume of travels from my pea-coat pocket and stretched out for an hour's reading in the sunny corner of the sternsheets. The hour rolled by, and noon being at hand, I closed the book and got out my sextant for a meridian altitude of the sun. Another hour passed, and its last minute found me shivering with cold, and rubbing my eyes after an unpremeditated nap.

I gazed anxiously at a lowering change which had come over the face of awakening nature.

The sea was no longer smooth and polished, but broken by the rising waves and of an inky hue; while the sun was hid by dense masses of driving clouds whose lurid edges indicated the commencement of a northern gale. The wind already blew quite fresh, and the boat rolled uneasily in the rising sea, dipping in the spray crests occasionally, and jerking at her anchor as if asking for more chain. I began to think that we were in an awkward predicament, and to fear that we had seen the old John for the last time, so threatening was the general aspect of the weather, and so uneasy did the boat already seem. I kept my fears to myself, however, ordered the twelve pounder unshipped and stowed in the bottom of the boat, veered out to the bitter end on the chain, and then pointed the spy-glass to the Eastern horizon, where the ship's smoke was most likely to appear. It looked smoky enough to be sure, but it was the smoke of the rising gale, and as I closed the glass and wrapped my blanket more closely around my shivering frame, I felt that our "quiet day" had passed, and that there was anxiety, and work, and danger, possibly death, in the voice of those leaping waves, and in those dark masses of hurrying clouds.

"It looks as if Old Davy Jones was agoing to break out his chest, sir," remarked Brown the cockswain; "I hope he don't want room for any of our sake."

"I hope not indeed, Brown," I said, "but there's no telling what may turn up if we ain't picked up by the ship before the sea gets up. It is to be hoped that the captain has turned for us before this, and fortunately the old ship will have the wind abeam to help her along."

"It is fortunate, and no mistake, sir. If she had to steam against this breeze, we'd better up anchor and run down for *her*. The boat would be easier too without that anchor pulling her more down into the seas."

I saw at once what the old sea-dog was after. He had no idea of swamping quietly at our anchor, but wanted to heave it up, make a fair wind of the gale, and run before the rising swell, trusting to luck to see or be seen by the ship. I shook my head, for the idea had already crossed my own mind and been discarded, as fraught only with additional risk. What would become of us if we failed to sight the ship? I had asked myself this question and I had sickened over the answer, which spoke of days and nights, possibly of weeks; of toil, exposure, want of rest, hunger, thirst and ruinous anxiety of mind, should our boat herself continue to float, and of sudden dissolution should she be swamped while getting up the anchor and keeping her off before the wind. I had already thought of all this, and so I shook my head as I served out an extra lot of grog to kill the chilly air, and detailed regular parties for bailing out the water, which was now coming in unpleasantly fast. "Depend upon it, Brown," I at length said, "the best thing we can do is to remain where we are as long as we can keep her afloat. They know where they left us, but should we get under way and then miss them after all, they would be far from knowing where to hunt for us."

"That's true, sir, and as long as it don't come on *too* strong we can keep her afloat quite easy. It's a lucky thing we thought of bringing an extra bucket with the crew's rations in it. I say, Tom, heave them scraps of dinner out of that ere bucket and start a-bailing. I guess I'll ship the rudder and keep *her* head on to the sea, sir," he continued, turning to me.

"That's right, Brown," I remarked. "You look out for the boat and I'll watch for the old craft's smoke. It's a pity it's getting so thick."

And so another and another hour rolled by, and the gloom of approaching night began to deepen that of the northern gale.

Ours was now a most unpleasant situation. The water was swashing in with every roll, curling over the stem at every dive, and it required sharp work with both buckets to keep it *from* gaining on us. After a while, as the sea got up, it *did* gain on us, and tin pans and cups were called into requisition to assist the buckets.

Again we "held our own" for a short time, but it was an *unpleasantly short time*. The water again began to gain on us and men's faces to turn pale. I felt that something was to be done and that, too, speedily. I swept the eastern horizon with the dimmed glass, in the vain hope of finding the cheering smoke of the expected steamer; but there was nothing there but a bank of moving mist, and the glass itself had been drenched with the flying spray until it was worse than useless. Still I gazed through it, as much to gain time to think as anything else.

Our circle of vision had, by this time, been narrowed down to a diameter of about two miles, and I began to despair of the ship being able to find us, when suddenly, like a meteor shooting into the clear sky from behind a passing cloud, she broke through the bank of thickening mist into a glorious full view. She was distant not more than a mile, smoking like a young volcano, under a crowd of canvas at the same time, and evidently doing her best to reach us. A long drawn breath seemed to relieve every one.

Brown, who had heretofore been chewing his tobacco with great activity, at once stowed it away *in the top of his hat*, and asked if "we were to slip or heave up," and upon my replying, "heave up," caught hold of the chain as if he would have roused the anchor up at a single haul—cautioning *me* at the same time to take the tiller and keep her "head on."

Well! the "quiet day" is ended. As the Old John ranged ahead of us and made the water temporarily smooth, we hove up the anchor, got out our oars, and were soon alongside—the boat half full of water, ourselves soaked to the skin and half numbed with cold, but still *safe*.

"Glad to see you!" said the captain, as I crawled heavily over the side. All right! I hope! Bad weather came up very suddenly, didn't it? Never mind, it'll all rub off when it gets dry. Besides this is *special service* for which we are to get extra pay. Better go down and get on some dry clothes. Hoist in the launch, Mr. ——, and heave to with her head off shore."

And so I went below to dry clothes, a hot dinner, and quite unexpectedly to a dry bed also; while the men turned in with their wet blankets, and the Old John rolled on through the stormy night, and had drifted so far from our ground by the next morning, that it took her half the following day to regain what was lost during the night. Poor Old John!

* More than we expected to use, of course, but then we often missed the ship upon such occasions, and were glad to have a week's rations on hand.

THE BLACK SOLDIER AT THE PALACE.—A few days ago, Marshal Bosquet made his appearance at the palace of St. Cloud with two men, for whom he claimed the honor of a presentation to the Emperor. One was a tall, thin African soldier, an Algerian subject of France, who was singularly maimed during the siege of Sebastopol. A bomb fell in the trenches where this man was at work, and where, if it had exploded, many men must have been killed or wounded. The man rushed to the bomb, seized it, and had already raised it high above his head to throw it out of the trench, when it exploded and carried away both of his arms, without doing him other serious injury.

The other man was a soldier of the line, a little Breton, who, like the jakal and the lion, had attached himself to the person of the tall African by pure affection, and served him as servant of all work. His life had been saved by the African in raising the bomb, and by a sudden inspiration he declared that his life should be devoted to him who had saved it. Thus he dresses and undresses him, feeds, shaves and combs him, and in short serves him as a pair of hands.

The object of the visit was to obtain the discharge of the little Breton from the service, in order that he might accompany to his home in Africa the wounded soldier. They were presented first to the Emperor, who subsequently conducted them to the Empress, and both their Majesties exhibited a lively interest in this strange couple. Of course the request of Marshal Bosquet was granted, and the soldiers left the palace much richer than they entered it.

FEEDING FISH.—The last efficient sea fish pond we chanced to examine is situated near Port Neason, Wigtownshire. It was constructed in 1800. A flight of steps leads downward to a small platform, by the water's edge, and the moment the old woman, who was our conductress, showed herself in the act of descending those steps, the whole body of codfish moved toward her, just as a flock of poultry follow a housewife. She had in her hands a basin filled with sand-eels and limpets; and when we neared the surface of the pond, and were seen by the fish to be manipulating the contents of the basin, as many as could press themselves close in shore raised their heads, or least the anterior portion, quite out of the water, opened their mouths wide, and made a gurgling and occasionally a snapping sound, the latter occasioned by the sudden shutting of their jaws when they felt or fancied that something had dropped between them.

As we stood on the lowest step, an stream of the surface of the water, some of them laid their large languishing faces over our feet, allowed us to put our hands beneath them, and roll them over, or even raise and replunge them—as nurses do children—out of, and then beneath their native brine. The species were chiefly cod, with a few lithe, a gurnard, and a small grilse, or sea-trout.—*Blackwood.*

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS.

HUMORS OF LAW.

Sterne insinuates that attorneys are to lawyers what apothecaries are to physicians—only that they do not deal in *scruples!*

One day at the table of the late Dr. Pease (Dean of Ely,) just as the cloth was being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than *six* eminent barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace: "*For this* and every other *mercy* the Lord's name be praised!" The effect was irresistible.

Having referred to briefs, we are reminded of the opposite. We have not dilated upon "the law's delay." The topic is, however, too trite to talk about; let an instance suffice:

About a hundred years ago, a Scotch gentleman bequeathed to his "poor relations, of whatever degree," the sum of £20,000. In effect, he left them a Chancery suit, which has remained in the family ever since. In the first place, the next of kin disputed the validity of the bequest, but it was established by Lord Chancellor Camden, and 463 persons made out their relationship. Thereupon, in the year 1766, a bill was filed for the distribution of the money amongst them, which has not been effected to this day.

A yet stranger case was that of the famous "Berkeley suit," which lasted upwards of 190 years! It was commenced shortly after the death of the fourth Lord Berkeley, in 1416, and terminated in 1609. It arose out of the marriage of the only daughter and heiress of the above baron, with Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, their descendants having continually sought to get possession of the Castle and Lordship of Berkeley, which not only occasioned the famous lawsuit in question, but was often attended with the most violent quarrels on both sides, at least during the first fifty years or more.

We have at our hand a case, and as it is a very *striking* one, we may as well introduce it with the view of adding force to our observations.

A lawyer, retained in a case of assault and battery, was cross-examining a witness in relation to the force of a blow struck: "What kind of a blow was given?" "A blow of the common kind." "Describe the blow." "I am not good at description." "Show me what kind of a blow it was." "I cannot." "You must." "I won't." The lawyer appealed to the Court. The Court told the witness that if the counsel insisted upon his showing what kind of a blow it was, he must do so. "Do you insist upon it?" asked the witness. "I do." "Well, then, since you compel me to show you, it was this kind of a blow!" at the same time suiting the action to the word, and knocking over the astonished disciple of Coke upon Littleton!

In this connection we have yet another case to present, in which the irritating and too irritable counsel was completely nonplussed. It is as follows:

"I call upon you," said the counsellor, "to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the mare's age?" "Upon what authority?" said the ostler, interrogatively. "You are to reply to and not to repeat the question put to you." "I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his mind." "Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I again repeat it: Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age?" "The best authority," responded the witness, gruffly. "Then why such evasion? Why not state it at once?" "Well, then, if you must have it——" "Must! I will have it," vociferated the counsellor, interrupting the witness. "Well, then, if you must and will have it," rejoined the ostler, with imperturbable gravity, "why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth!" A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty restrain his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

Our readers may remember the story of the two Irish friends, who, from long practice, arrived at great proficiency in the science of unlawfully abstracting their neighbor's property, and were not only true to the old maxim of "honor among thieves," but evinced an ingenuity and skill worthy of a better cause. One, having appropriated a goose, was on the point of being condemned by a jury for theft, when the friend appeared and swore that the bird was his, and had been ever since it was a gosling, and the prisoner on this was acquitted. Afterwards, in the course of his calling, the ingenious wit was himself arraigned for stealing a gun. "Don't be uneasy," whispered the former culprit, "I'll release ye." Thereupon he stepped into the witness-box, and boldly affirmed that the gun was his, and that it had been in his possession ever since it had been a *pistol!*—*Salad for the Social.*

SIR GEORGE CATHCART.—I this morning heard a very touching anecdote connected with the death of the late Sir George Cathcart; whether it be really true, I know not, but I write it just as it was told me. It was said, that at the time he received his fatal wound at the battle of Inkermann, he had in the breast-pocket of his coat a letter, which he had just written to some member of his family: the bullet, in its passage to his heart, had perforated this letter, which was consequently saturated with his best life's blood. It was in this state discovered the next day, and forwarded with his other effects to England. What a precious relic must this sanguined letter prove to those who are still mourning their lost hero! He was as gallant a soldier as ever drew breath, and closed an honorable career by a glorious death. The grass is growing green over his humble grave, on that hill to which he has given his name; but his memory must ever live in the grateful remembrance of that country in whose service he had lived, and for which he had died.—*Major Porter.*

VANITAS VANITATUM.

[The Glasgow *Free Press* publishes this as an original poem by Gerald Griffin, which has hitherto slumbered in obscurity.]

The stream that hurries by yon fixed shore
Returns no more;
The wind that dries at morn yon dewy lawn
Breathes and is gone;
Those withered flowers to Summer's ripening glow
No more shall blow;
Those fallen leaves that strew yon garden bed
For aye are dead;
On shore, or sea, or hill, or vale, or plain,
Nought shall remain;
Vainly for sunshine fled, and joys gone by,
We heave a sigh.
On, ever on, with unexhausted breath
Time hastes to death;
Even with each word we speak a moment flies—
Is born and dies;
Of all for which poor mortals vainly mourn
Naught shall return.
Life hath its home in heaven and earth beneath,
And so hath death;
Not all the chains that clank in eastern clime
Can fetter time;
For all the phials in the doctor's store
Youth comes no more;
No drugs on age's wrinkled cheek renew
Life's early hue;
Not all the tears by pious mourners shed
Can wake the dead;
If thus through lesser nature's empire wide
Nothing abide—
If wind, and wave, and leaf, and sun, and flower
Have all their hour—
He walks on ice whose dallying spirit clings
To earthly things;
And he alone is wise, whose well-taught love
Is fixed above;
Truths firm and bright, but oft to mortal ear
Chilling and drear;
Harsh as the raven's croak the sounds that tell
Of pleasure's knell;
Pray, reader, that the minstrel's fervent strain
Not all be vain;
And when thou bend'st to God the supplicant knee
Remember me.

TRADITION OF STANTON DREW.—At the little village of Stanton Drew, between Bristol and Wells, stands a well known Druidical monument. It consists of four groups of stones, forming (or rather having formed when complete) two circles; and two other figures—one an ellipse. Although the largest stones are much inferior in their dimensions to those at Stonehenge and Abury, they are by no means contemptible, some of them being nine feet in height, and twenty-two feet in girth. There is a curious tradition prevalent amongst the country people respecting the origin of these remains, which they designate the "Evil Wadding," for the following reasons:—

"Many hundred years ago (on a Saturday evening) a newly married couple, with their relatives and friends, met on the spot now covered with these ruins to celebrate their nuptials. Here they feasted and danced right merrily until the clock tolled the hour of midnight, when the piper (a pious man) refused to play any longer. This was much against the wish of the guests, and so exasperated the bride (who was fond of dancing) that she swore with an oath she would not be baulked of her enjoyment by a beggarly piper, but would find a substitute, if she went to the infernal regions to fetch one. She had scarcely uttered these words when a venerable old man, with a long beard, made his appearance, and proffered his services, which were accepted. The old gentleman (who was no other than the arch fiend himself), having taken the seat vacated by the godly piper, commenced playing a slow and solemn air, which, on the guests remonstrating, he changed into one more lively and rapid.

"The company now began to dance, but soon found themselves impelled round the performer so rapidly and mysteriously that they would all fain have rested; but when they essayed to retire, they found to their consternation that they were moving faster and faster round their diabolic musician, who had now assumed his original shape. Their cries for mercy were unheeded, until the first glimmering of day warned the fiend that he must depart. With such rapidity had they moved that the gay and sportive assembly were now reduced to a ghastly troop of skeletons. 'I leave you,' said the fiend, 'a monument of my power and your wickedness to the end of time.' Which saying, he vanished. The villagers, on rising in the morning, found the meadow strewn with large pieces of stone, and the pious piper lying under a hedge, half dead with fright, he having been a witness to the whole transaction."—*Selby's Events to be remembered in the History of England.*

CAUSE OF DEATH.—Consumptive people do not die for want of lungs as is generally supposed. A man can live an age with half of his lungs in full operation, and live in considerable health too. Gen. Jackson had lost a third of his lungs twenty years before his death. Most consumptives die long before half their lungs are gone; and why? simply for *want of breath!* for want of bodily power to fill the lungs they have to their full of pure air. To have bodily strength we must have good digestion, and good digestion will give bodily strength under all circumstances; hence to cure a consumptive, that is, to arrest the farther progress of lung decay, and enable him to live on what lungs he has left, the man must be made to digest substantial meat and bread, the most healthfully nourishing of all human edibles—as a means of enabling him to draw in pure air.

THE POET WORDSWORTH.—A crazy woman, living near Rydal, was asked if she ever saw Mr. Wordsworth, and what sort of a man he was. "Oh, indeed," said she, "he is canny enough at times; and though he goes *booing his poetry* (repeating his poetry) through the woods, he will now and then say, 'How do you do, Nanny?' as sensible as you or I!"

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Stephen Arnold Douglas was born at Brandon, Rutland County, in the State of Vermont, on the 23rd of April, 1813; therefore at the present time he is in the 44th year of his age. He was left an orphan when not three months old; his father, Dr. Stephen A. Douglas, a respectable physician of that town, dying of apoplexy, on the 1st of July, 1813, and leaving two children, one a daughter of twenty months, and the other the author of the Nebraska Bill. At the age of fifteen, he entered the cabinet-shop of Mr. Nahum Parker, at Middlebury, Vermont, proposing to become a cabinet maker. He remained there for several months, when he returned to Brandon, his native town, where he worked for a year at the same trade, when the state of his health compelled him to leave it. He then entered the Academy at Brandon, and pursued his studies with diligence.

His sister having wedded a Mr. Granger, from the State of New York, and his mother soon after marrying the father of Mr. Granger, the family removed to that State. Stephen was then sent to the academy at Canandaigua, at the same time devoting what time he could to the study of the law, in the office of Messrs. Hubble in Canandaigua, where he remained until after he had completed his nineteenth year. In 1833, he removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he entered the office of the Hon. S. I. Andrews, who then represented that district in Congress. He then removed to Jacksonville, Illinois, in search of employment as a school teacher, which he obtained at Winchester, in the same State. The proceeds of his school enabled him in 1834, to commence the practice of the law in the higher courts.

The first public office filled by Mr. Douglas was that of State's Attorney for Morgan and several adjacent counties that composed the circuit. He was elected by the Legislature of 1834-35, over Col. John J. Hardin. In 1836, Mr. Douglas was elected a member of the Legislature of Illinois from Morgan County. He was the youngest member of the House, being, at the time, little over twenty-three years old.

When first nominated for Congress, Douglas was defeated. At the session of the Legislature in 1840-41, he was appointed, by the Governor, Secretary of State, and before the adjournment he was elected one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State. He discharged the duties of this office until the Summer of 1843, when he was nominated as a candidate for Congress from the Quincy District. In this contest his party was successful. Judge Douglas was elected by a handsome majority, and took his seat as a member of the Twenty-eighth Congress, on the first Monday of December, 1843, just ten years after he commenced school teaching in Winchester. He first rose to general notice by a speech in the House, on the bill to restore the fine inflicted upon Gen. Jackson by Judge Hall, for declaring martial law in New Orleans.

During the Summer of 1844, Judge Douglas was re-elected to Congress, and his majority was increased from four hundred and fifty to nineteen hundred; and in his third election, which occurred in 1846, it was still further augmented to twenty-nine hundred. Before taking his seat for the third term of his election as a Representative, a vacancy occurred in the Senate, by the expiration of the term of General Semple, and Judge Douglas, with great unanimity on the part of the Democrats of his State, was elected to that body, where he first took his seat on the 4th of March, 1847. He has since been re-elected, his present term expiring March 3, 1859.

Mr. Douglas's recent course in the Senate is too well known to need recapitulation. As to the effect upon his popularity, it is said to have largely increased it in the Southern States, but correspondingly diminished it in the North. In fact, there is probably no politician in the country, who is held at this time in such unmitigated hatred and contempt by the great majority of the Northern people, as Mr. Douglas. They look upon him as a second Arnold, who has used all his endeavors to betray a second West Point of Freedom.

THE PHYSIQUE OF CRIME.—There is a certain monotony and family likeness in the criminal countenance, which is at once repulsive and interesting; repulsive from its rugged outlines, its brutal expression, its physical deformity; interesting from the mere fact of that commonness of outward character; the expression and the structure and the style of features being so unnaturally alike, as to suggest that there must be a common cause at work, to produce upon these faces so remarkable a result. What is this cause? Is it mere habit of life? Intellectual pursuits, is well known, affect the character, even the material form of the face; why not criminal pursuits? No person can be long in the habit of seeing masses of criminals together, without being struck with the sameness of their appearance. Ugliness has some intimate connection with crime. No doubt, the excitement, the danger, the alternate penalties and excesses attached to the career of the criminal, make him ugly. A handsome face is a thing rarely seen in a prison, and never in a person who has been a law-breaker from childhood. Well-informed heads, round and massive, denoting intellectual power—may be seen occasionally in the jail; but a pleasing, well-formed face, never. What does this ugliness of the prison-population indicate? This—that the habit of crime becomes in a few years a fixed organism, which finds expression even in the external form. And is not such a fact full of morals? Does not every one feel how important it is—in the interests of society, in the interests of the criminal himself—that he should be dealt with in the earliest stage of his career, before the evil that is in him has had time to fix itself in the organization, to grow fast in the ever-hardening granite? * * *

A man who has not seen masses of men in a great prison cannot conceive how hideous the human countenance can become. Looking in the front of these benches, one sees only demons. Moderately well-shaped heads and intelligent countenances are very rare amongst them. Occasionally the eye rests upon a cranium of a superior order—grand in outline and finely moulded; the man belonging to it, no doubt, has a history, if it could only be got at. But the vast mass of heads and faces seem made and stamped by nature for criminal acts. Such low, misshapen brows—such animal and sensual jaws—such cunning, reckless, or stupid looks—hardly seem to belong to anything that can by courtesy be called human.—*Dixon's London Prisons.*

CURIOUS INSCRIPTION ON A TOMB.—The following is a copy of an inscription on a tomb which stands alone in a larch plantation, four miles from Macclesfield, and about one-third of a mile from Gawsworth Church, in Cheshire. Can any of your readers say where Johnson lived and died, and where he carried on his various professions?—AN OLD MACCLESFIELD SCHOLAR.

"Under this stone rest the remains of Mr. Samuel Johnson, afterwards ennobled with the grander Title of Lord Flame, who, after having been in his life distinct from other men by the eccentricities of his genius, chose to retain the same character after his death, and was at his own request buried here, May 5, 1772, aged 52.

"Stay, those whom chance directs or ease persuades
To seek the quiet of these sylvan shades;
Here, undisturbed and hid from vulgar eyes—
A wit, musician, poet, player, lies:
A dancing-master, too, in grace he shone,
And all the arts of Opera were his own.
In comedy, well skilled, he drew Lord Flame,
Acted the part, and gained himself the name:
Averse to strife, how oft he'd gravely say
These peaceful graves should shade his breathless clay:
That when he rose again, laid here alone,
No friend and he should quarrel for a bone:
Thinking that, were some old fame gossip nigh,
She possibly might take his leg or thigh."

DEAD LEAVES.

The day is dead, and in its grave;
The flowers are fast asleep;
But in this solemn wood alone,
My nightly watch I keep.
The night is dark, the dew descends;
But dew and darkness are my friends!

I stir the dead leaves under foot,
And breath the earthly smell;
It is the odor of decay,
And yet I like it well.
Give others day and scented flowers;
Give me dead leaves and midnight hours!

A SPORTING-FISH.—A DEAD SHOT.—An interesting account is given in the eleventh number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal of the Jaculator fish of Java, by a gentleman who had an opportunity of examining some specimens of it in the possession of a chief. The fish were placed in a small circular pond, from the centre of which projected a pole upwards of two feet in height; at the top of this pole were inserted several small pieces of wood, sharpened at the points, on each of which were transfixed some insects of the beetle tribe. When all had become quiet, after the beetles had been secured, the fish, which had retired during the operation, came out of their hiding-places, and began to circle around the pond. One of them at length rose to the surface of the water, and, after steadily fixing its eyes for some time upon an insect, discharged from its mouth a small quantity of water-like fluid, with such force and precision of aim as to drive the beetle off the twig into the water, where it was instantly swallowed. After this, another fish came and performed a similar feat, and was followed by the rest, till all the insects had been devoured. The writer observed, that if a fish failed in bringing down its prey at the first shot, it swam round the pond until it again came opposite the same object, and fired again. In one instance he remarked one of the fish returned three times to the attack before it secured its prey; but, in general, they seemed to be very expert shots, bringing down the game at the very first discharge. The Jaculator, in a state of nature, frequents the banks of rivers in search of food. When it spies a fly settling on the plants that grow in shallow water, it swims on to the distance of from five to six feet of them, and then, with surprising dexterity, ejects from its tubular mouth a single drop of fluid, which rarely fails to strike the fly into the water, where it is immediately swallowed.—*Chambers's Journal.*

HENRY MACKENZIE, THE SO-CALLED "MAN OF FEELING."—Henry Mackenzie's excellent conversation, agreeable family, good evening parties, and the interest attached to united age and reputation, made his house one of the pleasantest. One of the Arbiti Elegantiarum of old Edinburgh, he survived to flourish in a new scene. But though he survived the passing away of many a literary friend, and many a revolution of manners, he accommodated himself to unavoidable change with the cheerfulness of a man of sense, above the weakness of supposing that the world must have been in its prime only when he was in his. The title of "The Man of Feeling" adhered to him ever after the publication of that novel; and it was a good example of the difference there sometimes is between a man and his work. Strangers used to fancy that he must be a pensive sentimental Harley; whereas he was far better—a hard-headed practical man, as full of worldly wisdom as most of his fictitious characters are devoid of it; and this without in the least impairing the affectionate softness of his heart. In person he was thin, shrivelled, and yellow, kiln-dried, with something, when seen in profile, of the clever wicked look of Voltaire.

Useful Receipts.

FURNITURE.—To take bruises out of furniture, wet the part with warm water; double a piece of brown paper five or six times, soak it, and lay it on the place; apply on that a hot flat-iron till the moisture is evaporated; if the bruise be not gone, repeat the process. Generally, after two or three applications the dent or bruise is raised level with the surface. If the bruise be very small, merely soak it with warm water, and apply a red-hot poker near the surface; keep it constantly wet, and in a few minutes the bruise will disappear.

TO CLEAN STEEL PENS.—Place them in some gin, and allow them to remain till they are perfectly clean.

TO CLEAN SILVER.—The way it is done in the East Indies is this: Take a good quantity of tamarind fruit, crush it, and put into an earthenware vessel nearly full of water; put it on the fire, and when it boils plunge the silver into it, and let it boil for half an hour; and when it is taken out, touch gently here and there with a soft cloth to remove the superfluous wet; and it will then be a beautiful dead white, and appear as good as new. *Alum* may be substituted for the tamarinds.

YELLOW INK.—This ink, which is useful in drawing and in making pen-and-ink sketches, is prepared thus:—Take of the berries of the plant *Rhamnus infectorius*, commonly called *French berries*, one ounce; alum, half an ounce; rain, or distilled water, half a pint; gum arabic, a quarter of an ounce. Boil the whole together for about eight or ten minutes, then strain through fine muslin; when cold it is ready for use. The berries are sold by the druggists.

CONDENSED EGG.—A process has been devised by Messrs. Thurgar, of the Albion Mills, Norwich, for drying eggs, so that they will keep good for any length of time. This is effected by evaporation. The yolk and white of the egg are exposed to a slow heat, and the moisture is thus driven off. The whole is then reduced to powder and packed up in tins. The material is not necessarily kept air-tight, but may be freely exposed to the air. The powder is used in the ordinary way as eggs are, being mixed with a little water, and is thus an excellent substitute for milk on long voyages, besides capable of being used for all cooking purposes in the same way as the fresh egg. The powder will keep any length of time without fear of deterioration.—*London Paper.*

ECGS.—Let it be understood that eggs may lose their nourishment by cooking. The yolk, raw or very slightly boiled, is exceedingly nutritious. It is, moreover, the only food for those afflicted with jaundice. When an egg has been exposed to a long continuance of culinary heat, its nature is entirely changed. A slightly boiled egg, however, is more easy of digestion than a raw one. The best accompaniment for a hard egg is vinegar. Raw eggs have a laxative effect; hard-boiled, the contrary. There is an idiosyncrasy in some persons, which shows itself in the utter disgust which they experience, not only against the egg itself, but also against any preparation of which it forms an ingredient, however slight. Eggs should always be liberally accompanied by bread.—*Dr. Doran.*

RECIPE FOR DYSENTERY.—A friend, who has seen the good effects in a great many cases of the following cure for the dreadful complaint of dysentery, has sent us the following recipe, which we publish in the hope that a more extended circulation may be given to it. It has been in the family of this gentleman for more than twenty years, and he has never known it to fail of giving immediate relief when taken in time:

Take 16 grains rhubarb; 32 grains salts tartar; 48 grains prepared chalk; 4 drops oil spearmint; 20 drops laudanum; 2 ounces soft water—put into a phial, and shake it well before using. Dose—For a child from 1 to 4 years old, one teaspoonful; for a grown person, one tablespoonful—to either, three or four times a day; each dose to be sweetened with loaf sugar, and kept in a cool place to prevent it from souring.—*Bell, Patriot.*

THE GRAVE IN THE MOORLAND.

Low lieth it, long grass upon it waving,
Wide lieth it, storm-winds around it raving;
No stone marketh it; it is all alone.
The day and the night through alone, alone.
Upon the northern slope of the blackfell,
Deep hidden midst the purple heather swell;
A little mound, unbeloved, all alone
The day and the night through, alone, alone.

No foot seeketh it; it heareth no sound of weeping,
No heart guardeth it, a faithful sight keeping.
They who loved it are gone—all dead and gone.
They have their rest 'neath graven stone;
It hath the snows, and winds, and rains of God
Mourning for ever on its lonely sod;
They have their cross and crown—it is alone,
Ten day and the night through, alone, alone.

Unquiet heart! proud, sinful, maddened heart!
Is rest with them, poor, broken, weary heart?
Or hath its dust a throb and pant of pain—
Hast thou ta'en Death unto thyself in vain?
When men speak of thee, they speak hushed and low,
As if they feared that wounds could come and go
From them to whom thou liest all alone
The day and the night through, alone, alone.

When the white shimmer of the moonlight gildeth
Along the lonely fells, the darkness hideth
About thy grave—thy wild, unholy grave;
No angel step treadeth beside thy grave.
The sunshine, morn, noon, eve, doth pass it by,
The rank grass waveth, but no flowers grow nigh,
Nor God nor man cometh, it is alone
The day and the night through, alone, alone.

Oh! coward heart, that couldst not strive nor bear,
Then wast aweary, aweary of despair.
Thou wouldst have rest, and now thou art alone,
The day and the night through, alone, alone.
Thy name haunteth a memory here and there,
Lips breathe it like a curse upon the air,
None, with love, remember thee—thou art alone
The day and the night through, alone, alone,
Ever alone.

—*Household Words*

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;
OR,
THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

The family were thus made comfortable for some months. Those among them who remained in ignorance of their embarrassments were comparatively happy. But Theodora, who had gradually acquainted herself with the amount of the liabilities of Basil Wildman's estate, found in old and new claims an accumulated sum of several thousand dollars. Creditors, to give them their due, are not generally a persecuting class—they are "more sinned against than sinning." Certainly the old creditors of the Wildman family had been patient for many years, some of them had even withdrawn their suits; but the death of the head of a family is always the signal for the rallying of claimants around the estate. Creditors must be expected to assist at the "cutting up." Therefore bailiffs and collectors, and also their principals and employers, were rather frequent apparitions at Red Ridge. Theodora always received them, taking upon her own sensitive and gentle heart the brunt and burden of all rude and humiliating encounters and interviews. The greater number of these unwelcome visitors were generally respectful, yet a few were *particularly* otherwise.

"In the d—l's name, madam! when is this account to be settled?" asked the rudest of this latter class, who, one morning in June, had frightened Theodora with a visit.

"I have told you, sir," she said, "that if our crops thrive I will pay you after harvest, and after we sell the wheat."

"If your crops thrive! Don't you know, madam, that the crops are perishing on the fields under this drought?"

"If that be so, sir, the worst that can happen to your claim will be that it will lay over until the end of the year that the law allows us, when I shall take out letters of administration that will authorize me to sell a portion of the property to satisfy all just claims against the estate."

"We shall see, madam! we shall see!" exclaimed this man, clapping his hat upon his head, and leaving the room and the house.

Theodora had become accustomed to this species of insane anger and pointless threats; but she never could grow reconciled to the heartless and brainless brutality that instigated them. The arrival of such a visitor as the last always shocked and terrified her, and his departure ever left her trembling and exhausted.

Alas! apparently from bad to worse tended the fortunes of the afflicted family of Red Ridge. I say "apparently," for it is a question whether in such visitations of sorrow there is any *absolute* evil.

June ended, but the drought continued.

"Heaven help us, then," said the farmers, "if we do not have rain."

July came, and passed without even so much as at a shower.

"If this weather continues, all our crop will be lost," they said.

August came and passed. The wheat crop had been ruined, but there was still a possibility of the late corn being saved.

"The Lord only knows what will become of us, if He does not send rain," said Theodora; and, in other words, many more anxious people besides her.

Oh! rain! rain! it was hoped for, wished for, called for in the homes, and prayed for in the churches! Oh! rain! rain! the poor panting cattle on the parched and calcined meadows, supplicated for it, in their mute suffering—in their choked and panting throats and dry out-hanging tongues and haggard eyes. Oh! rain! rain! But it came not. And only He—the Infinite Wisdom—who formed this earth and knew her every unsearchable secret, knew also why He sent that long, long drought, and why it was necessary to bring up the deeply sunken powers of the earth, which would afterwards compensate one season of scarcity with many succeeding seasons of unprecedented abundance. The rain came not as yet, and the suspense, the trial, and the agony of the earth and her children went on. The dry and burning heat produced some of the worst effects of frost. The crops had perished; the leaves on the trees and bushes withered, dried up and fell, leaving the stems and branches as naked in August as in mid-winter; the grass had withered from the fields, the very ground from which it sprung was withered and dried to powder; rivers had shrunken to their channels, and many lesser streams were lost; many springs were entirely dry, any many more were at the lowest ebb of water, so scant and brackish as to create faster than it satisfied thirst.

"If the Lord should permit this state of the atmosphere to continue, more of us should die of thirst than famine," said Miss Elizabeth, turning with aversion from the saltish water she had just tasted.

"It will not last; it cannot last; our Lord is good; I feel sure this drought was necessary; without knowing why or wherefore we cannot know all the mysteries of nature, and all the Divine system of economies in the creation and preservation of the earth, and their functions."

"But why do you think so, my dear? How can such a great and general calamity be for the good of the earth?"

"Just because it *was* a great general calamity sent by our Lord, and such as he would not send to be fruitless of final benefit—because I have the warmest, brightest faith in the perfect wisdom, goodness, and power of our Father."

Thus, by her loving faith, this unlearned girl had divined, what the science of the chemists and geologists has since demonstrated—namely, that an occasional long and severe drought is necessary to draw the deeply sunken mineral fertilizers of the soil up near the earth's surface. And the dreaded droughts, once superstitiously believed to be the visitations of wrath by an angry God, are now known as visitations of Divine Love—features of Divine economy.

But however beneficial in its ultimate results, the drought was in its immediate effects, very disastrous. The wealthiest farmers felt their losses sensibly; while the less wealthy were seriously distressed; and the poor were nearly ruined. Nor did the mischief stop with the agriculturists. Towns and villages draw their living from the country; farmers disappointed in their crops, in their turn disappointed the struggling tradesmen and professional men of the villages—by omitting to pay old debts and make new cash purchases; these tradesmen in *their* turn failed to meet the notes held by importers and wholesale merchants of large cities; finally these by the non-payment of the hundreds of country merchants their customers, were unable to meet the claims of home and foreign manufacturers, and the effects of the drought beginning with the farmers, was felt through the whole length and breadth of the land, and from the one extreme of the social scale to the other; it was felt from Maine to Louisiana, from Wisconsin to Florida; from the wealthy importer with his fleets of merchantmen traversing the ocean, his city palace and his country-villa, and who experienced a temporary embarrassment for the want of a few hundred thousands, down to the poor seamstress in her little room, whose work and whose food fell short because her customers were no longer able to purchase new clothing or to put out their needle-work.

Our little valley of Mad River and village of Eyrie had their full share of trouble; the destruction of the crops had been complete; wheat, rye, oats, corn, and tobacco, had all been destroyed; the village shopkeepers' richest harvest was immediately after that of the farmers, who upon the sale of their crops always paid up old debts and made liberal cash purchases, and then opened new accounts. But now that there was no harvest in the valley, there were no customers for the village—and the small tradesmen there, always with notes to pay, never free from the fear of insolvency, were now upon the very brink of that commercial precipice.

If the late Basil Wildman's creditors now pressed his widow very cruelly, it was because they themselves were severely pressed. Theodora had but one answer for every one: "The crops have failed as you see; early in the New Year I shall administer upon the estate and pay every debt; until then I can do nothing." And as the law gave her this period for preparation, the most impatient among the claimants were forced to wait.

In the meantime the necessities of the family were supplied by Theodora. The sum from the sale of the watch had kept them in groceries for months; and when that was exhausted, a diamond ring, another gift of Vivia, was sold for half its value, and the money applied to the uses of the family; next a pair of bracelets followed; then a brooch; then a picture of Saint Genevieve at the siege of Paris, a relic of Theodora's old days of enthusiasm, that had escaped the marauding hands of the Throgmortons, was sold at the Seminary for a reasonably fair price. Thus by the disposal of her own personal effects, she kept the family supplied with the necessaries and even the comforts of life, and that without contracting a single debt, until the close of the year. She might indeed have spared her own jewelry and supplied the family necessities by the sale of the old family plate; but this plate she respected as a portion of the estate, not to be disposed of until letters of administration gave her the legal authority to do so.

Early in January those necessary letters were taken out and the settlement of the claims commenced.—Claims in all of several thousand dollars having to be satisfied, it became necessary to offer for sale a portion of the land. It was surveyed and divided in half, and a day appointed for its sale at auction. The day came and many visitors also to see the sport; but none to bid for the land; thus the first auction failed, and a second day was appointed. Upon this occasion the auctioneer counseled Theodora to have some friend upon the spot to bid against any grasping and dishonorable person who might be inclined to take advantage of the circumstances to get the land for a merely nominal price, and thus, in fact, commit a legal robbery.

"That land," said Theodora, "has been valued at seven thousand dollars. Our debts are nearly four thousand. I am willing in this emergency that the property should go at much less than its real value; but if sold at all, it must be sold for a sum sufficient to cover all our debts."

Thus the counter bidder was engaged; and when the time appointed for the auction arrived, and the curious crowd gathered; and the land was put up; and the would-be purchaser began bidding, he was opposed by the other, who had been instructed to outbid him up to four thousand dollars. But the former saved the latter that trouble; he was perfectly willing to give a thousand dollars for land worth seven times as much, but when his opponent raised his bids to one thousand five hundred, the former ceased and left the spot; and the auction for the second time failed. A third day was appointed with no better success—a crowd collected, but no one bid over two thousand dollars; they seemed unable or unwilling while times were so "hard," and money so "tight," to give more, while they soon learned that the land would not be permitted to go at that price. A fourth day was appointed and proved the most unlucky of all, for not a soul came to the sale. Then it was for the present indefinitely postponed. Meanwhile the smaller creditors were growing to be the most importunate. One morning, just after breakfast, Theodora was sitting washing up the tea-service, when she was summoned to the parlor to see visitors. She arose trembling, and went, expecting to see some creditor; but when she opened the parlor door and saw within three very decent looking strangers, who behaved with politeness, she felt reassured. He, who seemed from an indescribable *prestige* to be the principal among them, now came forward and said gently and respectfully,

"Mrs. Wildman, I have a very painful duty to discharge here, which grieves me quite as much as it can any member of your own family."

"What is it then, sir?" faltered Theodora, turning pale and sinking into the nearest chair. His next words informed her that it was an execution at the suit of Millard and Company, merchants, Eyrie.

"Proceed, Mr. Fenwick," said Theodora, rising weak, trembling, yet struggling hard to support this shock with dignity and self-possession.

She went into the sitting-room and beckoned Miss Elizabeth, and whispered faintly, "Get her—the dear old mother, I mean—up into her bed-room; amuse her and keep her there."

"What—what is the matter?"

"Hush! be composed—it is an execution!"

"My Saviour!"

"Pray control yourself, and do as I tell you for her sake. See, she is watching us now. If this shock should fall upon her it would kill her. Coax her up stairs, where she shall be safe from intrusion. I must return to those men."

And while Miss Elizabeth, upon some pretext or other, conducted the most simple and docile of all aged children up the stairs, Theodora returned to the parlor, where the men were already at work valuing the furniture.

"Mr. Fenwick, there is one request I have to make of you. There is in a room above stairs an aged lady, the mother of this family, whose health is in the most precarious state. She does not know the extent of our embarrassments, and to learn them to-day by means of this execution would give her a fatal shock. Will you and your assistants respect her privacy?"

"Assuredly, Mrs. Wildman. We need not, and will not, set foot above stairs."

"I would entreat you, were it possible, to spare the furniture of the sitting-room and of the kitchen, which she sometimes enters. If it be necessary you can empty the parlor and the drawing-room beyond, for those I can easily lock up, and as she never enters them she need not know what has taken place."

"I will endeavor to follow your wishes, Mrs. Wildman."

The work progressed. The whole of the furniture of the two parlors was levied upon, and then, as the supply was insufficient to meet the demand, the farm-yard was visited, when the yoke of steers, the wagon and one of the two cows, were confiscated. Then the steers were put to the wagon, the furniture piled up within it, the cow tied to the rear, and the whole team driven by one of the subordinate officers, left the farm-yard. Then the sheriff took his leave.

"Thank the Lord," said Theodora, "for many mercies in the midst of judgment; first, that Miss Nelly Parrott providentially took it into her head this morning to go and spend the day where she would get a better dinner than we could give her, and that, therefore, she knows nothing of this affair; next, that the poor old mother's *real* home—the chambers, family sitting-room and kitchen—remains undisturbed; so that she need never suspect our misfortune. Then, that the milch cow is left, so that she need not miss milk from her tea; finally, that the old horse and gig remain to me, for they might as well or better have taken off my two feet as to have carried away them," concluded the poor lame girl as she fluttered back into the house, closed and bolted the shutters, and locked up the doors of the parlors, and then went to the foot of the stairs and called Miss Elizabeth, who quickly came down, exclaiming,

"Well? well!"

"Well! the Evil One is not as black as he is painted! You perceive that nothing is changed here!" Theodora said, smiling, and glancing round the sitting-room,

"What! did they take pity?"

"No, my dear aunt, they took live stock and the furniture of the two parlors. I will tell you more after awhile. Say nothing to Mrs. Wildman of this, but bring her down to the fire. I have to go to town."

So saying, the young woman went out into the farm-yard, cautioned the two boys against talking of the visit they had received, lest it should reach the ears of their old mistress, and directed Jim to put the horse to the gig to take her to Eyrie.

Then, while the boy obeyed her orders, she hastened up stairs and made herself ready.

"Drive fast, Jim," she said, as they started.

Her first visit was to her friendly counsellor, the auctioneer, who was also a commission merchant in Eyrie.

"I came to say to you that the land must be sold, Mr. Moore. There was an execution at the house to-day. And I am in hourly dread of another one that shall sweep away what the first has left."

"Let it be swept away—better that your household furniture should go, than that your land should be sold for a sixth of its value."

"Ah! but a life would be also embittered and destroyed. You know what the days of old Mrs. Wildman have been—and that from her last affliction she has never rallied. She still, however, experiences a sort of serenity that I will not have fatally disturbed by the knowledge of our difficulties. Therefore let the land be sold, that she may finish her days in peace."

"That is reasoned like a very young woman. However, since you are resolved, I am at your orders. When shall the next auction take place?"

"I shall not put up the property again at auction. I see that people come upon such an occasion in the expectation of gaining a grand advantage and making a grand speculation, and they don't like to be disappointed in their permissible robbery, which makes me fear that human nature is generally at bottom dishonest; and which has so warped my opinion of mankind to the left that I need somebody to do something very magnanimous now to restore the equilibrium. No, Mr. Moore, you are a commission merchant, and I authorize you to offer the land at private sale. That, I believe, does not so tempt the cupidity of purchasers. They expect to give something like an honest price."

"Very well, Mrs. Wildman; yet an auction is often the most advantageous method of sale."

"Yes, I know, when for instance the property is very desirable and the necessity for its sale not imminent; then emulation, the spirit of competition, another strong passion of human nature, overcomes cupidity and instigates rival aspirants to out-bid each other even to a degree above the real value of the property. But I have no time to talk longer with you, Mr. Moore, I have to see several of our creditors in town, and tell them of this intended sale, and prevail upon them to wait until it takes place, lest some among them, seeing the example set to-day, may follow it up by coming down on us with another execution to-morrow. Proceed with this affair immediately, if you please, Mr. Moore. Good afternoon."

Mr. Moore placed his client in her gig, and bowed his adieu as she drove off.

Theodora's precaution was not unnecessary, and not either, unavailing. She obtained the requisite delay and returned home.

Mr. Moore advertised the land for sale in the county papers, and also by a wise foresight, in the city and metropolitan papers. It was from the latter that he hoped the most, and with the most reason as the event proved.

THE RESIDENCE OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, TEHERAN, PERSIA.

A gentleman on the look-out for some fine spot for a country-seat, came from a distant city to see the agent and view the land, with which he was so well pleased, as finally to give five thousand dollars for its possession.

This sum satisfied all the creditors, and left a surplus of a few hundred dollars, a part of which was expended in the purchase of oxen and of horses to work the farm, and the remainder was laid up to keep the family until the harvest of another year should replenish their humble coffers.

And now the little farmeress applied herself with zeal and energy to make the most out of the land that still remained to them. Her success was a triumph of mind over matter; for very little co-operation could the poor little frail and crippled body afford the intellect, although it suffered with perfect patience and did its very best. It was more also than that, it was the triumph of reason and conscience over all the strongest loves and attractions of her heart.

Theodora did *not* like practical farming for its own sake; the personal supervision and direction of the negro boys sweltering at their work under the burning sun of summer; the inspection of pig-pens, and the scientific mixing of compost heaps were certainly *not* beautiful and attractive occupations; even the milking of cows, and the making of hay, pastoral and poetical as these rural occupations are generally admitted to be, would not under other circumstances have had power, day after day, to draw her from the spiritual dreams of beauty that haunted and enchanted her soul. But not the less firmly did she resist this fascinating and seductive indolence, and give herself up to the good works of usefulness. To rectify her inexperience and enlighten her ignorance, as well as to avail herself of the newest theories and discoveries in the art of agriculture, she left an order with the village bookseller to send for the best books upon this subject, and these volumes when procured were studied in the leisure moments of the day and through the evenings, and were ever at hand to be referred to upon any occasion. Nearly all these books were written by practical agriculturists of England or New England, and if our zealous little farmeress read diligently it was that she might compare and then condense the best wisdom of the collection for the benefit of her own farm. She began to be interested in the study and the practical test of her knowledge. Thus the work, begun in loathing, and continued only from a sense of duty, grew by slow degrees attractive; and when the mysteries of the earth revealed themselves to her, the details of agriculture were no longer repulsive, even the compost heap, seen in its ultimate results of wonderful fertility, of fine crops, of grain and grasses, garden, vegetables and orchard fruits, was no longer an insufferable object.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DESPONDENCY.

Sometimes, when nights are foul and dark,
And silent meteors cleave the gloom,
A ripple sounds anear my bark,
And ghostly voices go and come.

And shadowy sails flit by, and show
The barks that gaily rode with me,
When hope and youth sat by the prow,
And looked across this desert sea.

Oh for the sunshine and the breeze!
O'er glancing waves we swept along!
No thought of pause or slothful ease,
With now a silence, now a song!

A wanderer from my native land,
I drift across this trackless sea.
Yet, oh, my God, my heart and hands
In storm and sunshine stretch to Thee.

"FUNCTIONAL BEAUTY" IN HOUSES.—"A House," says Bacon, "are built to live in, not to look at." Were this truth uppermost in the thoughts of every man who builds a house for himself or others, our domestic architecture would be greatly modified. It would certainly be more comfortable. Can we doubt that it would be better looking? The house which is built "to look at" is very apt to be inconvenient, and if so, it is just as surely ugly; for, apart from actual and manifest utility in a dwelling-house, there can be no such thing as beauty. Shelter from sun and storm, protection against the extremes of heat and cold, the due admission of light and air, suitable rooms to live and sleep in, receptacles for clothing, utensils, food and fuel, conveniences for cooking, washing, and all other labors of the household, together with an ample and convenient supply of good water, may be set down as necessary requisites of every human dwelling. * * * Let there be at least one room on the first floor, provided with the means of warmth and ventilation, which may be used as a sleeping-room for age and sickness. The stairs should generally be central in position; they should always be safe for children, and broad and low for the sake of the infirm and the old. The size, form, and arrangement of halls and passages, have much to do with both looks and comfort; and the same may be said of the position and character of the chimneys and windows. In placing the rooms which are most to be used, regard should be had to their exposure to sun and air at different seasons. The most absurd mistakes are often made for the want of this forethought. We have seen large, expensive houses, whose snug winter parlors looked out upon the north star, and whose large summer drawing-rooms in the southern corner basked all day in the sun. Porches, verandas, window-canopies, etc., if judiciously disposed for use, and not for show, will add much for comfort."

☞ The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with show and equipage; especially that of a person lately merged from his obscurity. They never once consider that he is breaking the ice for themselves.—*Shenstone.*

QUEEN SEMIRAMIS.

The stony records so recently brought to light, are our most trustworthy chronicles of the history of the once powerful and extensive empire of Assyria. Its first annalists are deeply infected with the love of fable. Their records—if, as is supposed, they ever possessed any that had the character of authenticity—have long since perished amidst the wrecks of time; and the preposterous vanity of the Greeks, in neglecting the history of other nations, or relying upon their elegant but fanciful historians, in preference to better attested documents, has involved this subject in great obscurity. We cannot, however, err essentially in attributing the origin of the Assyrian empire to the migration of Ashur, from whom the name is obviously derived; and this event may be assigned to the period of the dispersion at Babel, upwards of two thousand two hundred and forty years before the Christian era. The dominion of the first founder was but transient, and after him, according to Scripture chronology, Nimrod assumed the reins of power, and he was a man of enormous ambition, daring enterprise, and incessant activity. He is described as being a "mighty hunter before the Lord," an expression which most probably has reference to his adoption of the mode of training his followers to military achievements, and the love of conquest and rule, by carrying on the sports of the field upon an extensive scale. Habituated to dangers, they thus became qualified to execute his purposes of domination; and accordingly, after having founded the Babolonish empire, he passed over into Assyria, and built Nineveh as the metropolis. Nimrod is the same with Belus or Baal, afterwards worshipped as a god.

Ninus, the son of Nimrod, appears to have inherited the ambitious spirit of his father; and not satisfied with the kingdom which he had received, he soon began to raise troops for the purpose of subjugating other nations to his authority. One of his first measures was to enter into a league with the sovereign of Arabia, by whose assistance his magnificent plans of conquest were in a great degree accomplished. Their combined forces overran a vast extent of territory—from Egypt to India and Bactriana. Having carried into captivity the King of Babylon, he put him to the sword, together with his children. To the King of Armenia, Barzanes, he accorded the nominal sovereignty of his own dominions as a boon for unconditional and ignominious submission; and still resolved to signalize his triumphs by fresh enormities, he no sooner conquered Pharnus, the King of Media, than he led forth his wife, with her seven children, to the cruel death of crucifixion, filling the vacant throne with one of his own dependants. After his return he greatly enlarged and adorned Nineveh, on the banks of the Tigris. He built an immense number of magnificent houses, and both sacred and profane history concur in representing this city as of stupendous grandeur and extent.

But great as was the fame and extensive the conquests of Ninus, his star must pale when compared with that of his wife, Semiramis, whom both fable and history concur in describing as one of the most remarkable women that ever appeared on the face of the earth.

The whole of the early history of this queenly prodigy is wrapped in such impenetrable obscurity, that, as in most similar cases, tradition has furnished an entertaining fiction, instead of communicating substantial truth. But, although the outline of the story of her childhood may be perfectly fabulous, yet the story itself may contain some grains of truth.

Semiramis, we are told, was descended from the celebrated goddess Derceto, to whom a temple was erected in the vicinity of Ascalon, in Syria. Derceto, it is reported, having incurred the displeasure of Venus, was punished by the offended goddess causing her to indulge a violent passion for a youth, who was presented a sacrifice to her, in company with many others. The consequence of this was that she ultimately had a daughter by him. But feeling the deepest shame on account of the crime she had committed, she had recourse to the still more criminal expedient of attempted concealment by murdering her paramour, and exposing her infant in a desert. Driven to distraction by the consciousness of what she had done, she attempted to get rid of her remorseful feeling by throwing herself into a lake, when she was instantly transformed into a fish. The child is said to have been preserved alive by a flock of doves, or pigeons, by whom it was fed with milk, and whose downy wings afforded shelter from inclement skies. The birds were observed to procure cheese as a more nutritious food when the little *prodige* seemed to require it. At length, the neighboring shepherds took the child under their protection, and in course of time the king's principal shepherd, Simma, having no children of his own, adopted her under the name of Semiramis—a Syrian term, signifying doves or pigeons, in allusion to the circumstances of her preservation.

Tradition has given to Semiramis surpassing beauty and most fascinating accomplishments, which we must, of course, expect to find after reading the story of her romantic infancy. Menon, a principal person in the king's council, and Governor of Assyria, having been commissioned to inspect the cattle, saw Semiramis at the house of Simma, and falling deeply in love, persuaded her to accompany him to Nineveh, where his attachment was rewarded in marriage, and from which propitious union proceeded two sons.

In the progress of his conquests in Bactria, after subduing all the cities and strongholds except the capital, to which at last Ninus laid siege, Semiramis resorted to the camp at the call of her impatient husband, who was a close attendant upon Ninus. Having acquired that ascendency which superior understandings soon obtain over those less favorably gifted, she ventured to express herself freely upon the methods which were adopted in conducting the sieges, pointing out what she deemed to be errors, and suggesting especially the advantages likely to ensue from assaulting the citadel, instead of confining their efforts to more vulnerable, indeed, but less important parts of the defence. She prevailed so far as to get herself appointed to lead a division of picked men, who were particularly skilled in climbing, and with those she completely succeeded in seizing the citadel, and opening a passage to the Assyrians.

The result of this extraordinary achievement was an interview with Ninus, who was captivated with her beauty, and who offered his own daughter to Menon, if he would resign Semiramis to him. Menon, who was deeply attached to his wife, refused the royal offer; and for his obstinacy his eyes were put out. After which, he committed suicide in despair; and Semiramis was promoted to the bed and the throne of the king. Soon after Semiramis had born Ninus a son, that monarch died, and his spouse grasped the reins of sovereignty in her own hands.

She was now in a condition to give full vent to her love of splendor and domination. She led the hosts of Assyria through the most fruitful and civilized provinces of Asia, as far as India, conquering nations, wasting territories, and extorting tribute from vanquished princes and subjects. The elephants which accompanied the Indian army were at first exceedingly formidable to the Assyrians; but Semiramis got over this difficulty by causing to be constructed imitations of those creatures; and those being led by the Assyrians, struck panic into the Indian soldiers, who relied too much upon their elephants, so that Semiramis gained the victory. She herself engaged in single combat with the Indian king, who wounded her in two places, and who, if it had not been for her horse, would have terminated her career.

Different accounts of her death have been transmitted to us. One is, that an eunuch of her palace had inspired her own son with the desire of poisoning his mother. She discovered the conspiracy, but did not proceed to punish the offender, from her recollecting the oracular prediction of Jupiter Ammon, and deeming it the express appointment of Heaven that at this time she should die. She accordingly relinquished the government to her son, and issued proclamations to her subjects intimating her desire that he should be received as king. Her retirement seems to have been partly compulsory, and partly ambitious, from her expectation that divine honors should be paid to her, in consequence, as the oracle expressed it, of "vanishing from the sight of men." It was given out that she had left this world in the form of a dove, attended by a flock of those birds which settled on her palace at the very crisis of her departure. In consequence of that belief, the Assyrians worshiped the dove ever afterwards. She died at the age of sixty-two, after having reigned forty-two years over the greatest portion of Asia.

Ninyas succeeded his mother in the government of Assyria; but he did not possess any of her genius. He abandoned himself to sloth and sensuality; and, after having lived an inglorious life, died an unlamented death.

His successors, however, during the long period of twelve hundred years, and thirty reigns, so closely imitated his example, that their history is buried in total obscurity, not even traceable by a single instance of honorable character of great achievement. All is a total blank, and waste of everything great, till we reach the not less contemptible, though better known conduct of the last—perhaps the basest of them all—Sardanapalus, who was probably the most perfect specimen of effeminacy, sloth, luxury, cowardice, crime, and impurity that ever was exhibited to the detestation of the human race. Like his inglorious predecessors, he shut himself up in his palace, assumed the dress of a woman, imitated her voice, painted his face, spun and sang, in short, utterly disgraced his nature by the most unbounded licentiousness, and the most outrageous depravity.

At length Arbaces, Governor of Media, having become acquainted with the infamies of his master, determined to rid the world of such a monster of crime and impurity. After many reverses sustained by Arbaces and his confederates, Sardanapalus was ultimately defeated; and being hard pressed by the rebels, he shut himself up in his palace, and ordered a vast pile of combustible materials to be reared in the court, on which he accumulated all his treasures—amounting, it is said, to a thousand myriads of talents of gold, and ten times as many talents of silver—on the top of which he placed his eunuchs and concubines, and, lastly, himself. He applied the torch to it with his own hand; and thus perished in this awful blaze the voluptuary Sardanapalus and the Assyrian empire, on the ruins of which rose the sovereignty of the Medes.

From the Chronicles of Hebrews, and in the disinterred monuments which M. Botta, Mr. Layard, and others have rescued from the mounds which abound along the Tigris, is derived the most valuable and the reliable knowledge which we now possess concerning the history, arts, manners, &c., of the Assyrian empire and people.

OF WHAT WOMEN ARE MADE.

"Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life."

Simonides, a poet famous in his generation, who flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy, tells us in a noted satire, that the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and elements; and that their good and bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions. He says:

"The souls of one kind of women were formed out of those ingredients which compose a swine. A woman of this make is a sloven in her house and a glutton at her table.

"A second kind is of the fox, foxy, and has an insight into everything, good or bad; some of this class are vicious, and some virtuous.

"A third kind of women were made up of canine particles; these are scolds, always barking and snarling, and live in perpetual clamor.

"A fourth kind were made out of the earth. Such are the sluggards, who pass their time in indolence and ignorance, hang over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

"The fifth species of females were made out of the sea; are variable, uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sunshine.

"The sixth species were made of such ingredients as compose an ass or beast of burden; these are naturally slothful and obstinate, but upon the husband exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, do everything to please them.

"The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love, that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings.

"The eighth species of females were taken out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, who have nothing beautiful in themselves, and endeavor to detract from or ridicule everything which appears so in others.

"The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to servile toil or labor, composed a ninth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands, who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up in the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a king or a prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

"The tenth and last species of women were made out of the bee; and happy is the man who gets such a one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblamable. Her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband, and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes her time with them in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow on man."

THE ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.—In the Museum of Berlin—remarks a writer in a Newark contemporary—in the hall devoted to Northern Antiquities, they have the representations of the Idols from whom the names of the days of our week are derived. From the Idol of the Sun comes Sunday. This Idol is represented with his face like the Sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course around the world. The Idol of the Moon from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the Moon in his hands. Tuisco, from which cometh Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and is represented his garment of skin according to their peculiar manner of clothing. The third day of the week was dedicated to his worship. Woden, from whence Wednesday, was a valiant Prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory. Thor, from whence Thursday, is seated on a bed with twelve stars over head, holding a sceptre in the right hand. Frigs, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand, and a bow in his left. He was the giver of peace and plenty. Seater, from whom is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness, he is thin visaged, long haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—In the Senate, on the 21st, on motion of Mr. Hale, a resolution was adopted, calling on the President for information whether any instructions have been issued to any military officer in command in Kansas, to disperse any unarmed meeting of the people of the Territory, or prevent by the military power, any assemblage of the people of the Territory.

The bill making appropriations for the armament of fortifications, and for altering the small arms, was amended, reducing the appropriation from $1,000,000 to $1,000,000. The bill was then passed—yeas 27, nays 10.

Those voting in the negative were Messrs. Digge, Durkee, Comeaden, Hale, Houston, Thompson, (Kentucky,) Toombs, Trumbull, Wade and Wilson.

On the 22nd, on motion of Mr. Seward, a resolution was adopted, directing the Committee on Manufactures to inquire concerning the extent to which iron may be substituted for wood, stone, and brick, in the public buildings of the United States.

Mr. Butler introduced a bill to regulate the compensation of members of Congress. He proposes to give a salary of $5,000 for each regular session, instead of the present per diem, and for extra sessions the present per diem, and twenty cents a mile for travel, each way.

The Senate concurred in the amendment of the House to the adjournment resolution, fixing the 14th of August for the close of the session.

The bill for continuing the improvement of the harbor at Racine, Wisconsin, passed finally—yeas 24, nays 12.

A long debate ensued, on the constitutionality and expediency of appropriations for such purposes, on the bill for continuing the improvement of the harbor of Kenosha, Wisconsin. The bill finally passed.

On the 23d, the bill relative to the improvement of the Savannah river passed.

Mr. Mallory, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported a joint resolution, authorizing the acceptance, by Lieut. Maury and other naval officers, of medals from foreign Governments, for services to the cause of science and humanity. The resolution passed.

The bill for continuing the improvements of the Sheboygan Harbor, was discussed and passed.

On the 24th, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to authorize the protection of citizens of the United States who may discover deposits of guano.

The bill provides that whenever any citizen of the United States shall discover new guano islands, &c., not occupied by persons of any other Government, and occupy the same, they shall be considered as appertaining to the United States. Discoverers are to be allowed the exclusive right of selling and delivering guano, and shall be allowed to receive $8 per ton when delivered at the vessel, and $1 at the place of deposit. The guano is only to be sold to citizens of the United States; any breach of these privileges to cause a forfeiture of rights, the land and naval forces of the United States to protect such islands, and the laws of the United States to be extended over them. The bill passed.

The bills for the improvement of the harbors of Milwaukie and Kalamazoo, Wisconsin, passed.

The bill for the improvement of the harbor of the mouth of Grand River was taken up, and debated till the adjournment.

On the 25th, Mr. Wilson submitted a resolution, which lies over, requesting the President to inform the Senate whether the reported reply of Gen Smith, refusing to protect the citizens of Leavenworth from bands of armed marauders, is true; and if so, whether such reply was authorized by the instructions of the President or Secretary of War.

The Senate passed six private bills, and one providing for the compulsory prepayment of postage on all printed matter. Adjourned till Monday.

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, on the 21st, Mr. Hamilton Marshall, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a bill establishing a uniform rule of naturalization, which was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. The question of adjournment was then debated. Mr. Dunn said that the North and the South must remember this, that until the question of individual safety in Kansas was settled, no appropriation bills should pass.

Several voices—"Agreed"—"that's right"—"that's the talk."

Mr. Dunn resumed—The only way to insure compliance is to stop the wheels of Government, and we'll give some trouble while they are rolling. As to the Presidency, he would not go for Buchanan nor for Fremont but for the man living in New York (Fillmore) as the only one whose election could give a promise of peace.

On the 22nd, the resolution was amended so as to fix the 14th of August for the adjournment of Congress, and then adopted—yeas 126, nays 51.

The House then resumed the Nebraska contested election case. Mr. Chapman, the sitting delegate, and Mr. Bennet, the contestant, participated in the debate.

The resolution of the Committee on Elections, declaring that Mr. Chapman was not elected, was then rejected—yeas 83, nays 86. Adjourned.

On the 23rd, on motion of Mr. Barksdale, a resolution was adopted providing for evening sessions this week, for general debate.

An ineffectual effort was made to reconsider the vote by which the House, yesterday, decided that Mr. Chapman, delegate from Nebraska, was entitled to his seat.

A resolution was adopted authorizing the payment of mileage and per diem to Mr. Bennett, the contestant.

The House then proceeded to the consideration of the New Mexico contested election case.

By unanimous consent, the Clerk read the statement of Mr. Gallegos, the delegate from New Mexico. It says that the sneers and jeers with which certain members have permitted themselves to treat the proposition that he should be heard by counsel, because of his inability to make a formal discourse in English, have produced no other effect upon him than that of painful disappointment at these exceptions to the generous spirit which he had been encouraged to expect from all the Representatives of a free and magnanimous people. He asserted that making speeches was not the chief or the vital function of a delegate. He denied that the influence of the Roman Catholic church was brought into the contest to secure his election, saying that the new French Bishop had determined by himself and the priests not to support but to crush him.

Mr. Otero, the contestant, during his reply, said that Mr Gallegos should have gone to school to learn the English language, before attempting to represent New Mexico in Congress. The sitting delegate had appealed to the magnanimity of the House, but he (Otero) demanded justice, and, failing in this, would scorn to ask a favor. He would never surrender this, so help him God! He was the first native of New Mexico who had addressed the American Congress in the language of the constitution and the laws. If any man should say he was a homegrone, he would treat him as a calumniator and a villain. The Bishop referred to by Mr. Gallegos had disgraced those priests who disgraced the religion they professed, by indulgence in vice in all its aspects, and filled their places with others, and established schools on a good foundation. It was not surprising that bad priests, no longer able to retain their wicked ascendancy, should find fault with the Bishop.

The resolution declaring that Mr. Gallegos was not, and that Mr. Otero was, elected a delegate from New Mexico was then adopted, and Mr. Otero sworn in.

The Committee on Printing reported a resolution, which was adopted, for printing 20,000 copies of the reports of the majority and minority Kansas Investigating Committees, with the journal and evidence, for the use of members, and 100,000 copies without the journal and evidence. It was stated that the cost of the former would be 61 cents, and the latter 9 cents apiece.

The House then went into Committee, and took a recess until 7 o'clock. During the evening session, a number of speeches were made upon the slavery question, &c.

On the 25th, the House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up the Army Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Barbour moved to amend the clause appropriating $2,215,000 for the pay of the Army, by adding disapproval of the code of alleged laws of Kansas, and the manner in which they are enforced, and expressly declaring that until they shall be confirmed by Congress, no part of the Federal military force shall be employed for their enforcement, nor shall any of the citizens of Kansas be compelled to act as a posse comitatus of any officer acting as Marshal or Sheriff of the Territory.

Mr. Phelps raised a question of order, that such an amendment could not, by the rolls, be embraced in the clause.

The Chairman (Mr Letcher) decided otherwise, and an appeal being taken, was sustained by the Committee. Ayes 74; nays 44.

Mr. Barbour said his amendment was intended to stop the revolution, by preventing the enforcement of the laws passed by usurpation, and which were disgraceful and shameful in their character. Never before had an army been employed to arrest or disperse citizens presumed to be guilty of violating obnoxious laws.

Mr. Phelps replied that the amendment proposed that there should be no laws for the government of 20,000 or 30,000 people, and it would close the Courts against redress for injuries in civil cases. The army had been sent to Kansas in obedience to the application of the Free State men for their protection.

Mr. Stephens did not think that Congress has the power to control the President in the manner proposed. The President being Commander-in-Chief of the Army, they could not impose conditions upon him. The Legislature of Kansas, no thing having been disclosed to the contrary, was legal, and the laws must be enforced until abolished or changed by the proper authority. If he had his way, he should withdraw the army from Kansas, believing the people capable of self-government. He did not want the troops to enforce the laws.

After a number of other speeches, Mr Stanton moved an amendment, declaring the laws of Kansas null and void, and said he would stand by this even at the hazard of the loss of the bill. Cries of "Agreed."

Mr. Stanton's amendment was agreed to—ayes 87, nays 58.

Mr. Barbour's proposition thus amended was then adopted—ayes 72, nays 37. The Committee then rose.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, from the Committee on Elections, reported a resolution, declaring that Mr. Whitfield is not elected to a seat, and that Mr. Reeder be admitted to a seat as Delegate from Kansas.

Mr. Washburne gave notice that he would call up the resolution on Wednesday. During the evening session, Mr. Campbell, of Kentucky, gave notice of his intention to speak of the corruptness of the Government, from the period of Mr. Buchanan's connection with it, holding himself responsible in or out of the Capitol for what he may utter.

Mr. Branch, while defending Mr. Buchanan, said the continuance of Mr. Fillmore in the Presidential contest must very greatly increase Fremont's chances of an election. In support of this opinion he quoted the New York Courier and Enquirer and the Tribune. He reviewed Know Nothingism North and South in terms of condemnation, charging that in the North it is allied to abolitionism.

Mr. Evans opposed filibusterism, replying to the speech of Mr. Quitman, and condemning the doctrines of Mr. Buchanan as avowed in the Ostend Conference. The House then adjourned.

On the 21th, the House considered and passed twenty private bills, including the Senate bill for the relief of the widows and orphans of the officers, seamen and marines of the sloop-of-war Albany and brig Porpoise; the 18th of April and the 20th of June, 1853, to be taken as the days on which the vessels were lost, and from which the pensions shall commence.

A message was received from the President, recommending an appropriation of $130,000 for the purchase of a building in Philadelphia for a Post Office, and $50,000 for fitting up the same.

At the evening session, a number of speeches were made upon the slavery and American questions.

NEWS ITEMS.

LABOR.—The American Industrial Association has issued its report for July, in which the managers state that for a month past there has been an unusual demand for all kinds of labor. Farm hands are scarce—and consequently wages rules high—from $14 to $20 per month, with board and washing. The former rates are readily commanded by able-bodied men from shipboard. The inadequate supply seriously embarrasses harvest work. The brick-yards also find it impossible to secure their complement of hands at any wages. Orders for upwards of one hundred men are on the books of the association; wages $16 and $17 per month, including board. Female domestics for the country are hard to procure.

TWO WEALTHY LADIES, Misses Ann and Elizabeth Sherwood, of Sheffield, England, have just been liberated, by the intervention of their friends, after fourteen years' imprisonment, for contempt of the Court of Chancery. They continued in prison fourteen years rather than produce an unimportant document in their possession.

A diagram of a transparent ballot box was shown, recently, at the Mayor's office, in New York, which it is proposed to submit to the Common Council, at its next session, for adoption in future election campaigns in that city. The ballot-box proposed is very simple, being a hollow glass globe, supported on four pillars. A brass lid is fastened by a lock to the top of the globe. In this lid is an aperture large enough to admit a ballot. It will be seen that by this kind of ballot-box, every vote can be seen as deposited, and that false bottoms, and other modes of cheating, cannot, by any possibility, be introduced.

A NEW THEORY.—A Dr. Kinahan, who has recently returned from Peru, attempts to prove that guano is produced from fetid seas, which die on the islands, and not from the droppings of birds.

A conspiracy has been detected at Puebla to restore Santa Anna to the Presidency. Many priests are implicated in the movement.

Telegraphic advices received at Buffalo, report four more bodies recovered from the recent calamity on Lake Erie. There seems but little doubt but what at least forty lives were lost on the occasion.

Advices received from Kansas report that Col. Lane had crossed the Missouri into Kansas, on Monday, with 600 men, armed with Sharpe's rifles, revolvers and bowie knives. After crossing, Col. Lane returned, saying that he would force his way up the Missouri with the other regiment.

WHEAT IN MISSOURI.—The St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette, of the 17th inst., says: "Never has there been such a yield of wheat in Northern Missouri as the present year. The crop has now all been cut, and the question as to the yield is not a matter of doubt; from twenty-five to forty bushels per acre is perhaps a fair estimate of the crop. So far as we can learn, the wheat is also of superior quality, as is usual when there is a large yield.

AN UGLY CUSTOMER.—Mr. Burlingame, while waiting for Mr. Brooks to accompany him to Canada, amused his leisure hours by trying his rifle in a shooting gallery in New York. He "rang the bell" five times out of nine, and the other four balls came in very uncomfortable proximity to the exact centre.

A private despatch received from St. Louis, says Col. Benton has abandoned his engagements in Northern and Northwestern Missouri, and hastened to St. Louis to electioneer for Blair for Congress.

ABOLITION OF SERFDOM IN RUSSIA.—It is now said that the Czar is sincere in his desire to abolish serfdom. A plan for its gradual extinction now commands the attention of the Russian Government. It is proposed to raise a loan, by means of which the Government will purchase the serfs from the private owners, and then liberate them under certain conditions.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH IN TEXAS.—Mr. Sherwood, a member of the Texas Legislature, has been compelled to resign his seat, for stating as his opinion, that "the Congress of the United States has the Constitutional right to legislate on the subject of Slavery in the Territories." Sherwood himself is a slaveholder, and the sentiment expressed by him was one held by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and in fact, by nearly all the great Southern statesmen.

Mr. Sherwood having announced his intention of addressing the people in defence of his course, a public meeting was called, and a letter adopted, to be sent to him, forbidding it, in the following terms:—

"You are, therefore, explicitly and peremptorily notified, that, in your speech, you will not be permitted to touch, in any manner, on the subject of Slavery, or your opinions thereon, either directly or indirectly, or by way of explanation, or otherwise. Under the pretext of the personal right of self-defence, you will not be tolerated in any attempt to defend your course in the Legislature on this subject, which was an aggression on the rights, and outrage on the feelings of the State of Texas, and much more on those of the people of Galveston, whom you misrepresented, than any other.

"The entire subject of Slavery, in all its connections, is forbidden ground which you shall not invade.

"Your introduction of it in any manner will be the prompt signal for consequences to which we need not allude."

The same letter also contained the following contradictory and inconsistent avowals:—

"Your right, in common with every other citizen, to free opinion, free discussion, and the largest liberty of self-defence, is fully recognized, and will be respected.

"But there is one subject connected with your course in the Legislature—that of Slavery—on which neither you, nor any one entertaining your views, will be permitted to appear before the community in a public manner."

It thus seems that the "area of liberty," even for white men, does not include the constitutional right of "free speech" in Galveston—even when the opinions uttered are precisely those of Washington and Jefferson.

SUICIDE OF A BOY.—A boy has killed himself under extraordinary circumstances at Sheffield. He was twelve years of age. He was the son of respectable parents, and was found drowned in a canal. The boy's father, who had always treated him kindly, chastised him for some fault. Two hours afterwards the lad left his home, and was not heard of by his parents till his body was found in the canal. After he left home, his mother found on the chimney-piece, among a number of letters, a paper containing the following lines:—

"Art thou gone; shall thy step on the green hills no more
Give echoes of music that charmed us before?"

and beneath this the deceased had written:—"I am going to drown myself, so that you must go to the canal and you will find me there. It is for your hitting me." It appears the deceased did not go and drown himself immediately on leaving his father's house; he was seen wandering about the town for some time before he committed the fatal act. An inquest was held on the body, and a verdict returned of "Found drowned."

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.—The Montreal Post says:—"As sure as the destiny of Canada points to an issue, so sure, if Canada remain united, will that issue be independence. It may be a question of years, but it is worth waiting for. It may be a question involving subordinacy to England for a time, but the direct tendency of that country's legislation is to train us for independent self-government. We are at present too few in population, but its rapid increase will soon obviate that difficulty. We may be divided, but only on social and local questions. We may fall out by the way, but let no stranger in sermedelle with our quarrels, our fortune is in our hands—we may make or mar it, just as prejudice or folly may influence us; but let no fanatical speculation, no political stratagem, divide our unity of effort."

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Illinois at New York, and the Grenada from San Juan, bring California dates to the 5th inst., the former bringing the California mails and $1,650,000 in treasure.

The Illinois connected with the John L. Stephens, which brought down upwards of two millions in treasure.

The Isthmus was quiet. The health of Aspinwall was bad.

The advices from San Francisco indicate that the State authorities have apparently determined to make no further resistance to the Vigilance Committee.

The startling event of the week was the stabbing of S. R. Hopkins by David S. Terry, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Hopkins had proceeded to the office of Dr. Ashe, Navy Agent, for the purpose of arresting S. R. Maloney, charged with attempting to convey munitions of war to the city, for the use of the State. Judge Terry being present, interfered to protect Maloney, and, together with others, formed an armed party to escort Maloney to the Dupont street armory. Hopkins collected assistance, and attacked the other party in the streets. A struggle ensued, in the course of which Terry stabbed Hopkins with a bowie knife, and he fell senseless.

The news of the melee was communicated to the Executive Committee, who were in session, and the great bell was sounded for the rally of the Committee's troops. In fifteen minutes a regiment of infantry, two companies of cavalry, and five companies of artillery were in motion. Meantime Maloney and his friends had taken refuge in a brick building, well guarded and fortified. This building was invested on all sides by the Committee's troops, and the inmates ordered to surrender. They obeyed without hesitation, and Maloney and Terry were taken and conveyed as prisoners to the head quarters of the Committee.

At the same time the armories of the State troops were invested and the troops forced to surrender to the Committee. One hundred State troops were taken prisoners, but were subsequently released on parole. At the last dates Judge Terry was still in the custody of the Committee.

On the same day Hopkins was stabbed, two vessels, freighted with arms for the State authorities, were seized in the Bay by armed vessels, belonging to the Committee. Subsequently, L. Durkee, commander of one of these vessels, was arrested by the Federal officers, and held in $25,000 on the charge of piracy.

The Committee disclaim all intention of opposing the Federal authorities.

Tuesday following the stabbing of Hopkins, the Committee arrested a notorious gambler, named Dan Aldridge. Hopkins, at last accounts, was considered out of danger.

Much indignation is manifested at San Francisco relative to the bill before Congress to quitting land titles in California.

The accounts from the mines are good, and prospects of abundant crops are cheering.

FROM NICARAGUA.—President Walker was inaugurated on the 12th inst. Ex-President Rivas still remains in possession of Leon.

It is reported that many of the natives consider the inauguration of Walker as an act of usurpation, and have declared against him. Among the deserters are Col. Mendez and Gen. Chillon. There is much sickness among Walker's troops, and frequent desertions.

Major Waters' command, which has been sent to Leon on account of a rumor that the Guatemalans were near their city, was fired on by the Rivas party, and one man wounded, several of the Rivas party were killed. Major Waters waited outside for some time, and the enemy not appearing, retired.

There is no sign of an invasion now, but it is certain that the league of the Northern States still exists, and an invasion is looked for at the close of the rainy season. Walker needs both men and money for the coming struggle.

The whole vote for President was 21,000. Walker received 14,000; the balance were divided between Rivas, Ferrer, Jerez and Salizar.

FROM OREGON.—Reports from Oregon state, that skirmishes with the Indians continue. The report of the death of Col. Wright is contradicted.

The force under Col. Buchanan has had a fight with the Indians at the Big Meadows. Forty Indians and ten whites were killed.

The election returns have not yet been received, but the Democratic ticket is probably elected.

THE MORMON DELUSION.—The Fort Desmoines (Iowa) papers give some details of the passage of a band of Mormon emigrants through that place, a few days since. In the broiling sun these poor creatures, the majority of whom are women, moved along slowly in Indian file, dragging behind them in little carts, the necessaries for the journey, sometimes two women dragging the cart, at other times a man and woman together. The company was from Europe, and mostly consisted of English people, who had left their comfortable homes, their early associations and all the attachments which render the English such unwilling emigrants; and here, with a journey of more than a thousand miles before them, of which two hundred would be through a perfect desert, without shade or water, these miserable, deluded people were trudging along.

LITTLE BETTER THAN THE SLAVE TRADE.—The American ship War Hawk arrived at Havana on the 13th ult., from Swatow and St. Helena, having a cargo of 568 Asiatics, under the usual fictitious contracts for eight years' service. The vessel was put in quarantine for twenty-four hours, and commenced discharging her cargo on the 15th ult. 610 subjects were put on board the vessel; 42 killed themselves by jumping overboard, or with poison, always secreted about their persons; one or two died of disease usual on board of a crowded vessel. This trade is only the slave trade under another name, and the attempts now making to put an end to it arise from a proper spirit of benevolence and humanity.

CROPS IN MAINE.—The hay crop in this State is very abundant, and grain, corn, potatoes and other vegetables, will equal if not surpass any crops for many years past. A good supply of fall feed will enable the farmers to furnish a quantity of the best meat, not only for home consumption but for exportation.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

AT ALLERTON'S.—The supply of Beef Cattle was not so large as last week, but the cattle were fair, and the demand a trifle better. There were about 2,500 head at the opening some of which were very fine, and sold from 9¼c. and some extra were sold at a trifle over that figure, say 10¼c, but nothing above that.

The supply came chiefly from Ohio and Illinois, and proved a very fair lot. A large number were en route for this market and would have arrived in time, had not the owners detained them on the road; they having ascertained that the yards would be well supplied.

We understand there was some 2,500 head kept back, which would have increased the offerings to about 5,000 head; but there was enough on sale to supply all demands.

Cows and Calves are in very good supply, and bring higher prices—some bringing as high as $60 ₩ head.

There was a very large supply of Veal Calves at the yards, and prices are full as high as last week. The quality was very fair, and they sold freely at prices varying from 5½c ₩ lb for good. Some very extra Veals were sold as high as 7c, while some of the poorest sold as low as 5½c but as an average, they brought 6½c.

Swine are arriving in large droves from the West, and looking very well, while some of them are really very fine. The extreme heat has rendered the driving of them very difficult, and a great many had to be taken to the cattle. A death in the yards was not of unfrequent occurrence, quite a number, we understand, having died in the cars during the past week, while being brought to market, from the effects of the heat, and from being stowed away so closely together.

The following table shows from what part of the country and by what conveyance the supplies came:

		Head.
Beef Cattle.		
From Ohio		1,775
" Illinois		797
" New York State		35
" Michigan		25
" Indiana		160
" Kentucky		20
By the Hudson River Boats,	Beeves	427
" " "	Sheep and Lambs	180
" " "	Beeves	753
Hudson River Railroad,	Swine	477
Erie Railroad,	Beeves	1,308
By the Harlem Railroad, Cattle		—
" "	Cows and Calves	16
" "	Veal Calves	226
" "	Sheep and Lambs	340

PRICES.—Beef Cattle, extra quality ₩ 100 lbs, $9,5@10,00; do good quality, $8,50@9; do common, $7,50@8; do inferior, $6—@7. Cows and Calves, extra, $58@65; do good, $52@56; do common, $28@50. Veals, 5½@6½; extra, 6½c. Sheep and Lambs, $3@7. Swine, gross, 6½@; do net, —@—.

AT BROWNING'S.—456 Beef Cattle, $6,50@9,50; 74 Cows and Calves, $26@55; 115 Veal Calves, 5½@6½; 2,371 Sheep and Lambs, $2@7.

AT CHAMBERLAIN'S.—41 Beef Cattle, $7@9,50; 63 Cows and Calves, $25,62@50; 130 Veal Calves (live weight) 5½@6½c; 600 Sheep and Lambs, 3@6½.

AT O'BRIEN'S.—84 Beeves, $7@9,50; 104 Cows and Calves, $26@55; 64 Veal Calves 6½@.

RECAPITULATION.

	Beeves.	Cows and Calves.	Veal Calves.	Sheep and Lambs.
Allerton's	2,355	36	834	720
Browning's	456	74	115	5,371
Chamberlain's	76	22	126	4,200
O'Brien's	84	114	64	—
Total	3,170	246	1,139	10,134

BALTIMORE MARKET.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour Market is quiet and holders firm. Stock on hand usually limited not much beyond home consumption. Nothing done to Howard street market. New is held firmly at $7; old firm at $6,75, without sales. We note a sale of 300 bbls new City Mills at $7, and 300 do. to be ground next week at $7. A sale of 50 new, favorite brand, at $7,12½. We quote of Ohio at $6,75@ sales. There has been no sales since Change. We hear of sales of 300 bbls old Howard Street Flour at $7. It is now held firm at this price.

FAMILY AND EXTRA FLOUR.—We quote Baltimore Ground Family at $6,25@6,50; Extra do at $6@6,12½; Howard Street and Ohio Family at $6,25@6,50; Extra do $7,25@7,50 to 7,75 ₩ bbl.

RYE FLOUR—Demand moderate. We quote at $5,50@5,62½, with small sales.

CORN MEAL. Small sales are making of country at $4,25@4,37½; city $4,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—WHEAT—Receipts were fair, but large, reaching in all 15,000 bushels. A steady demand—prices not quoted as firm. Most of the offerings were sold at 150@150 for ordinary to fair white; good to prime do $1,58@1,62½, and choice do $1,65@1,68c; red good to prime $1,40@1,50 ₩ bus.

CORN—Market quiet. There were 6,000 bus offered, and sales of white at 84@85c; yellow do 86@90.

OATS—There were only 600 bus offered, and sales at 39@39c.

RYE—About 400 bus offered, and a sale of 300 bus Pennsylvania at 76c; sales, 100 bus Maryland at 85c.

WHISKEY—The market is dull and prices declining. We quote City at 37½ ₩ gal, and Ohio and Pennsylvania do at 38@38c. Block moderate.

July 23.—Flour is firm. None sells at $7,12½@7,25 and old at $7. Sales of 3,000 bus Wheat, and the market is brisk. Corn is active, prices having advanced 1@1½.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
July 26th, 1856.

The operations of the past week having been hindered by the extreme heat of the weather, the market generally has ruled dull. Transactions in Dry Goods have been moderate, mostly for the supply of the Western jobbers; but business has not opened yet, a few of our own jobbers only having commenced sorting up their stocks. There is a fair prospect of a good Fall trade, and no disposition to force sales or to depress prices, which are fully sustained for all staple brown and Bleached Cottons. Canton Flannels and Stripes are steady. Of Prints the stock is large, and the variety of new styles very full and complete. Ginghams, Dells, Ticks and Jeans, are firm. In Woollens the demand has been fair. Cloths, Cassimeres and Sattinets, are well sustained. Kentucky Jeans are firmer. Blankets and Flannels are steady, and the former rather more active. Broadstuffs declined early in the week, but the demand has since been more active, and prices of all kinds have an upward tendency under the late news from abroad. Coal and Iron rule dull. Cotton is firmly held, but the demand has fallen off to some measure, owing to the dry weather and the want of water at many of the neighboring mills. Groceries and provisions have also been in limited demand, but holders are firm in their views. Hemp, Hides and Leather show no change, but sales are limited for the want of stock. Hops remain dull. Oils are firm with more doing in crude Whale at steady rates. Plaster is easier. Seeds—Clover and Timothy continue in request and sales to a fair extent at advanced rates. Tallow is more active. Wool remains without change, and a moderate business to note, while Whiskey sells slowly at the late advance. In other articles there are no important changes to note.

ASHES.—The transactions are mostly in a small way, with out change in quotations.

BARK.—There is more demand for Quercitron, and 120 hhds Rio No 1 sold to arrive at $30; 240 bags also were sold at $23 ₩ ton. Further sales of Chestnut Oak have been made at $4 ₩ cord.

BEESWAX—Remains quiet at 26@27c—holders generally ask the latter rate.

CANDLES—Sperm and Adamantine continue scarce and firm, with further sales of the latter at 22@23c, as to brand. Tallow is quite dull.

COAL.—There is no change in price or demand, with a moderate business to note in Anthracite at about previous rates. Allegheny Coal is dull at 1½@1½ ₩ bush.

The anthracite coal receipts for the week have been as follows:

	Week.	Season.
Lehigh Canal,	45,360	1,243,340
Schuylkill Canal,	31,254	928,302
Reading Railroad,	49,048	1,386,189
Total,	126,642	3,577,831

The receipts on the Schuylkill Canal are nearly up to those of the same date last year. The railroad is still more than a hundred thousand tons behind, with a fair prospect, however, of making up the deficiency before the close of the season, in spite of ruinous combinations, &c., which have thus far had no appreciable effect on the tonnage.

COFFEE.—The market remains inactive, but holders are firmer in their views within the last few days, and the demand rather more active. Sales in all reach about 300 bags, including Rio at 10½@11c, as in quality. Laguayra at 11½@11¾c, and Java at 14½@15c, the latter for old Government at on the usual terms.

COTTON.—The late foreign news has operated unfavorably on the market, but holders are not disposed to make concessions; the demand, however, is limited, and only about 1000 bales have been disposed of at previous quotations, prices ranging at from 11¼@11¾c for Uplands, and 11½@14c for Orleans, as to quality.

DRUGS AND DYES.—There is very little movement in the market, and but few changes to note, transactions generally being in a small way, within the range of quotations. Some further sales of Dutch madders are reported at 11c@11¾c, on time.

FEATHERS continue scarce, with a small business to notice in Western at 37½c as to lots.

FISH.—The market remains dull. Old Mackerel are plenty, but new Fish are scarce, with small sales from store at $4,25 for medium, and $7 ₩ bbl for large No. Codfish and Herring are unchanged, with limited receipts and sales.

FLAX.—There is very little improvement in the market, most of the recent arrivals of Oranges and Lemons having been closed out from $6c to $5,50 ₩ box, and a cargo of Pine Apples at $5@6 the 100, as to condition. Nothing new in other kinds, and business limited.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market opened dull and drooping, but with a falling off in the receipts and more favorable advices from Abroad, the demand for Flour has improved, and prices, particularly of fresh ground Flour, which is very scarce, have an upward tendency. Sales to the extent of some 6-7,000 bbls are reported, including standard superfine, fair mixed and straight brands at $6 25@6,50; extra, as in quality, at $6,5 a 7; extra family $7@7,50; middlings $5@5,50; sour Flour $5@5,25, and fine at the latter price. About 1,000 bbls straight brands, strictly fresh ground Flour, made from new Wheat were disposed of during the week, including 500 bbls at $7,25 ₩ bbl, the latter for W. B. Thomas. Late inspected Flour is held at $6,50 per bbl. The demand for home consumption has also been better, and prices range at from $6,21 to 6,75 for common and good brands, and $7@7,50 ₩ bbl for extra, the latter for fancy lots. Rye Flour is scarce, with sales of 450 bbls at $5,75 ₩ bbl, mostly at the latter rate, at which price it is now held. Corn Meal is also very scarce, and about 1,200 bbls Penna Meal sold in lots, including a small sale of old clock at $4,25; fresh ground Penna at $4,37½@4, and 100 bbls Brandywine at $5,50 ₩ bbl. The inspections for the week ending the 24th inst. are 2,135 bbls Flour, 242 bbls Corn Meal, and 283 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are on the increase and prices have declined 2@3c ₩ bus. The market, closed with a better feeling and most holders demand higher rates. Sales reach about 40,000 bushels, chiefly new Southern, in lots, at 150@160 cents for reds, and 155@170 cents for white, as in quality. The bulk of the sales were at 155c for prime reds, and 160 cents for white, which are generally refused for prime lots. Rye is also lower, with sales of 18,000 bus Penna to note at 78@82 cents, closing with more buyers than sellers at these rates. Corn has been inactive, but the market at the close is better, and prices have advanced. About 30,000 bushels have been sold at 64@65c for fair to prime Penna and Southern yellow; 66@67c for white, and 55@56c for damaged lots as to condition. Oats have been in steady demand, with sales of about 25,000 bushels at 39@39c for Southern, and 38@40c for Penna, as in quality, a fair amount in store.

GUANO.—The active season has not yet opened, but prices are steady and business moderate.

GINSENG.—Little or no crude offering or selling, and the market is inactive, but firm at previous quoted rates.

HEMP.—The stock is mostly in the hands of the manufacturers, and we hear of no sales to alter quotations, which are firmly maintained.

HIDES.—Continue in request at full rates, but the want of stock limits operations. A small import of Laguayra remains unsold, being held above the views of buyers.

HOPS.—Market dull at former rates, and a small business doing at 12@15c. for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The market remains inactive, but without any material variation to note, and sales are mostly in lots from store, at about previous rates, including about 500 tons Anthracite, at $24@25 for No. 3, $26@28 for No. 2, and $27 for No. 1, on time. 300 tons Forge Pig also sold at $22@23, 6 months, and about 150 tons Wheel Iron, on terms not public. Scotch Pig sells slowly, at $23@23 ₩ ton. In Manufactured, there is very little doing to alter quotations, which are nominally unchanged.

LEAD.—The market is inactive, and a few small sales only have been made, at previous quoted rates.

LEATHER continues in brisk demand at fully former rates, but the want of stock, however, limits sales.

LUMBER.—The market remains dull; the receipts are moderate, but the demand for all kinds is small, at about former quotations.

MOLASSES continues scarce and in request. The sales, however, are mostly at second hands at 42@43c for Cuba, on the usual terms.

NAVAL STORES.—The market remains quiet, and a small business only to note in Spirits Turpentine at 34@35c ₩ gallon, cash and time. Of Rosin, further sales of common No 1 are reported at $2 ₩ bbl. Tar and Pitch, no alteration. Oils The market for Sperm is unchanged, and about the usual business to notice in the way of sales. Of crude Whale about 35,000 gallons have been disposed of in lots at 72@73c, on the usual terms. Lard Oil is scarce at 95@97c for Spring and Winter. Linseed is steady at 82@83c.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and a cargo sale is reported at $3 ₩ ton, which is an advance.

PROVISIONS.—The market has been very quiet this week, the high rates now current having a tendency to check the demand. Mess Pork is held at $17@17,25, and City Mess Beef at $12@12,50 ₩ bbl, but there is very little doing. Bacon is firm, with light receipts and stocks, and a small business to note at 12@13c for hams, 11c for Sides, and 10c for Shoulders. Green Meats are scarce at 11c for Hams, 11c for Sides, and 10c for Shoulders, cash and short time. Lard is firmly held, with further sales of 200 bbls and 500 tcs and kegs prime, on private terms; three kegs are quoted 13@14c ₩ lb. Butter is scarce, and good Western is wanted at 14@15c, but there is very little offering or selling. Cheese is selling as wanted at 8@9c ₩ lb.

RICE is held firmly, with further sales of 50 tierces, mostly at 6½c ₩ lb, on the usual terms.

SALT.—No sales to note this week, and no change in the market.

SEEDS.—There is a good demand for Clover seed, and little or none offering, the only sales we hear of are a few small lots, principally from second hands, at $5@5½ ₩ bus. Timothy is also scarce and in request, and 300 bags prime recleaned Seed have been disposed of at $3,37½@3,75 ₩ bus. Flaxseed, but little offering or selling, and we quote domestic at $1,65@1,75 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS.—The market for Brandy and Gin remains very inactive, but prices are fully sustained. N E Rum is scarce, and small sales at 42@43c. Whiskey is also scarce, but buyers come forward slowly at 36c for bbls, 37c for drudge, and 34@35c for lots.

SUGARS.—The Foreign news has imparted more firmness to the market, but the week's operations have been limited, and most of the late arrivals have gone into store; sales only reaching some 500 hhds, Cuba and Porto Rico, within the range of 8½@9½, on the usual credit.

SPICES.—Nutmegs continue in request with further sales of 50 packages at 90@95c ₩ lb, mostly for No. 2, on time.

TALLOW.—Is more active, and sales of 150 casks Butchers' Association are reported at 10½ ₩ lb.

TEAS.—The market for all kinds remains very quiet, but without any variation to note in prices.

TOBACCO.—Is also quiet, but firm at previous quotations—and the stock of Leaf is very much reduced. No change in Manufactured.

WINES.—Sell slowly at steady rates; the demand is only for the supply of the home trade.

WOOL.—There is some inquiry for this staple to go East, but the demand is only moderate for the season, and prices rule about stationary; sales to the extent of 150,000 lbs domestic are reported, mostly in small lots, at 29@30c for unwashed, and 36@50c for common to prime Fleece, all on the usual credit.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The offerings of Beef Cattle were larger this week than last; the quality also was much better than for some time past, and prices fell off 25 to 50c ₩ 100 lbs. The bulk of the receipts were from Pennsylvania and Ohio. The very best Cattle brought only $10, while a fair average would be about $9 the 100 lbs.

At the Bull's Head new Drove Yard, 782 Beeves were received and sold as follows:

118 Ohio Cattle, fed by Wm. Shoemaker, good quality, sold by John Todd at — $9 a 10
48 Chester county do, fair quality, sold by John Todd at — 8½ a 9
94 Virginia do, inferior to good, sold by Jas. Cochran, — 8½ a 9½
66 Delaware county do, extra quality, sold by James Cochran, — 10 a 10½
92 Virginia do, inferior to good, sold by Meanes & Hood, — 9 a 9½
24 Chester county do, mixed, sold by Meanes & Hood, — 8½ a 9
100 Ohio do, brought in by J. Cope, mixed quality, sold by J. Seidenridge, — 8½ a 9½
22 Chester county, fair to prime, sold by W. Alexander, — 9 a 10
140 Chester and Lancaster county, mixed quality, brought in and sold by Underwood & Co. at — 8½ a 10
52 Chester county good quality, sold by Neely & Gillespie at — 9 a 9½

Some 310 head of Beef Cattle were offered at Strickland's Drove Yard, all of which were disposed of as follows:

9 Virginia Cattle, middling quality, sold by Abrams & Hickman, at $8@9 the 100 lbs.

Wit and Humor.

THE RAILWAY TRAVELLER'S FAREWELL TO HIS FAMILY.

'Twas business called a Father to travel by the Rail
His eye was calm, his hand was firm, although his cheek was pale.
He took his little boy and girl, and set them on his knee:
And their mother hung about his neck, and her tears flowed fast and free.

I'm going by the Rail, my dears—Kiss, love, don't cry—
Now, kiss me both before I leave, and wish Papa good-by.
I hope I shall be back again, this afternoon, to tea.
And then, I hope, alive and well, that your Papa you'll see.

I'm going by the Rail, my dears, where the engines puff and blow;
And ten to one the chances are that something goes amiss:
And in an instant, quick as thought—before you could cry "Ah!"
An accident occurs, and—any good-by to poor Papa!

Sometimes from scandalous neglect, my dears, the sleepers sink,
And then you have the carriages apast, as you may think.
The progress of the train, sometimes, a truck or coal-box checks,
And there's a risk for poor Papa's, and everybody's necks.

Or there may be a screw loose, a hook, or bolt, or pin—
Or else an ill-made tunnel may give way and tumble in:
And in the wreck the passengers and poor Papa remain
Confused, till down upon them comes the next Excursion train.

If a policeman's careless, dears, or if not over-bright,
When he should show a red flag, it may be he shows a white
Between two trains, in consequence, there's presently a clash,
If poor Papa is only bruised, he's lucky in the smash.

Trains may be badly managed, as they were the other day,
Because a stingy Company for hands enough won't pay:
Over and over goes the train—the engine off the rail,
And poor Papa's unable, when he's found, to tell the tale.

And should your poor Papa escape, my darlings, with his life,
May he return on two legs to his children and his wife—
With both his arms, my little dears, return your fond embrace,
And prevent to you, unaltered, every feature of his face.

I hope I shall come back, my dears—but, mind, I am insured—
So, in case the worse may happen, you are so far all secured.
An action then will also lie for you and your Mamma—
And don't forget to bring it—on account of poor Papa!

—*Punch.*

PRECEPT AND EXAMPLE.—A laughable illustration of practice following theory, and precept carried immediately into example occurred a few nights since in one of the royal dockyards. The superintendent, a mild but zealous disciplinarian, who is admitted to be thoroughly acquainted with the most insignificant details of his noble and gallant profession, from the duties of the energetic boatswain to those of the dignified commander-in-chief, was briskly passing a sentinel, on his way to his official residence, when he turned upon the stalwart guardian of the royal establishment and demanded the reason why he had not challenged him. In vain the sentry declared that he knew him to be the superintendent; he was emphatically told his duty was to challenge every one who approached him, and warming with excitement, the gallant superintendent exclaimed, "Challenge all! Challenge me, sir." "Well, then," said the sturdy pupil, lowering his musket and bringing it to the charge, "I do challenge you; give the parole, sir;" and the hasty superintendent having, in the course of his practical instruction, allowed the parole to slip his memory, was forthwith made a prisoner; and driven into the sentry-box. So situated, the worthy preceptor was soon allowed another opportunity of estimating the effects of his teaching. A policeman passing, demanded why the sentry had imprisoned the gentleman. "You foolish fellow," said he, "why, it is the superintendent;" but the only reply from the sentry was the vociferous demand, "Give the parole." The policeman, deeming his uniform to be a sufficient authority for passing the sentry, had also forgotten to learn the parole, and he too was ordered into the sentry-box, from which he and his distinguished fellow-prisoner were only rescued when the sentry was relieved from his post.—*United Service Gazette.*

MRS. PARTINGTON'S VIEW OF TEMPERANCE.—"Intemperance!" said Mrs. Partington, solemnly, with a rich emotion in her tone, like an after dinner speech, at the same time bringing her hand, containing the snuff she had just brought from the box, down upon her knee, while Lion, with a violent sneeze, walked away to another part of the room: "intemperance is a monster with a good many heads, and creeps into the bosoms of families like any conda or an allegator, and destroys its peace and happiness forever. But, thank Heaven! a new Erie has dawned upon the world, and soon the hydrant headed monster will be overturned. Isn't it strange that men will put enemies into their mouths to steal away their heads?" "Don't you regard taking snuff as a vice?" we asked, innocently. "If it is," she replied with the same old argument, "it is so small a one that Providence won't take no notice of it, and besides, my oil factories would miss it so." Ah! kind old heart, it was the drunkard's argument; and he who casts stones at his frail brother must first see if there be not something at home to correct, before he presumes upon his own infallibility.—*Eve. Gazette.*

SCHOOLMASTER AND PUPILS.—"Joseph, where is Africa?" "On the map, sir." "I mean, Joseph, on what continent—the Eastern or Western continent?" "Well, the land of Africa is in the Eastern continent, but the people, all of 'em, down South." "How do the African people live?" "By drawing." "Drawing what—water?" "No, sir; by drawing their breath." "Sit down, Joseph. Thomas, what is the equator?" "Why, sir, it is a horizontal pole running perpendicular through the imagination of astronomers and old geographers." "Go to your seat, Thomas. William Biga, what do you mean by an eclipse?" "An old race horse, sir." "Silence." Class is dismissed.

☞ In the year 1837, one of the new gold fields in Victoria, Australia, having been discovered by some gentleman of classical attainments, was called the "Eureka." The name puzzled the diggers a good deal, and some of them maintained that, like Ballarat, it was a native name, only none of the natives seemed to have heard of it. At length, when one evening the question was under discussion, with pipes and coffee, the point was decided by a worthy old man who formed one of the party. "D'ye no see," he said, "that the digging was discovered by a Scot? And he ca'd it after Auld Reekie, only the daft loons out here canna' spell it richt."

LOOKING TO NO. 1.—Sir James Mackintosh invited Dr. Parr to take a drive in his gig. The horse became restive. "Gently, Jemmy," says the doctor, "take care; don't irritate him; always soothe your beetle, Jemmy. You'll do better without me. Let me down, Jemmy." Once on *terra firma*, the doctor's view of the case was changed. "Now, Jemmy, touch him up—never let a horse get the better of you; touch him up—conquer him—don't spare him; and now I'll leave you to manage him—I'll walk back."

☞ A debtor says—"My creditors are singularly unfortunate. They invariably apply the *day after* I have spent all my money. I always say to them—'Now this is *very* provoking! Why didn't you come yesterday, and I could have paid you in full?' But no! they never will. They seem to take a perverse pleasure in arriving always too late. It's my belief the rascals do it on purpose."

BOB CRANDELL'S SWIMMING.—Our friend Bob Crandell visited England last summer. While stopping in the metropolis, he happened to drop into a coffee-house, where a lot of cockneys were speaking about the swimming powers of different individuals. One gentleman said his friend William could swim five miles in forty minutes. Another allowed that Tibbets could do more than this—Tibbets, in some fifty-three minutes, having swam forty miles and seven-eighths. Just here Bob asked if he might "offer a remark." The answer was, "Yes, certainly." On this being decided, Bob opened:

"Your friend Tibbets is some swimmer, gentlemen, but his performance would be considered nothing in America. On the Mississippi men swim with such rapidity, that they go ahead and pilot steamboats."

"Nonsense."

"No nonsense at all. To show you that I'm not joking in this matter, I'm willing to make a bet with any person present."

"What is it?"

"That I can outswim any man in England, and give him an hour's start."

"For what sum, sir?"

"Anything—from fifty pounds to a California gold mine."

"We'll take that bet, sir, and put up a hundred pounds that you cannot beat Mr. Mullins and give him that start."

"Very good, I take the bet. There's twenty sovereigns to bind the bargain."

"When will the swim come off?"

"Now—this instant."

"That is preposterous. The day is already too far spent."

"Day? Why, my dear sir, I intend to swim a whole week. In the United States a week's swim is considered nothing."

"Possible?"

"Yes, sir. Harry Slocum, of New Orleans, once swam from Charleston to Cuba. But this is wasting time. Let us proceed to business."

"Where do you wish to start from?"

"Land's End."

"Why there?"

"Because I intend to swim round the island, and wish lots of sea room."

The idea of swimming round the Island of Great Britain, was something that Cockneydom had never heard of.

"Such a pull would kill a 'oree," said Mullins, but Bob was used to such things. Mullins persisted, however, in his refusal to undertake anything so absurd; in consequence of which, Mullins' friends had to come out with a forfeit, in the shape of a basket of champagne. During the remainder of Bob's stay in England, he was looked upon as "the 'Merican prodigy—the man who talked of swimming from Lunnun to Nova Scotia."

THE DIGNITIES IN HOT WEATHER.

Besides—the weather! What can poets do
With the thermometer at ninety-two?
Grandeur in shirt sleeves! Grace with no cravat!
Sublimity beneath a palm-leaf hat!
Love with no dickey! Beauty in a sweat!
Truth at the pump, with hands and forehead wet!
Fame drinking sodas! Glory with a fan!
Passion asleep upon the cool divan!
And Faith, and Hope, in slippers, throwing dice,
To close a quarrel o'er a chunk of ice!

J. G. HOLLAND.

FREEZING.—Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost, one of whom, who had fretted greatly and grumbled at his loss, visiting his neighbor some time after, was astonished to see another fine crop growing, and inquired how it could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," was the reply.

"Why, don't you ever fret?"

"Yes, but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief."

"Why, then, there's no need to fret at all."

"True, that's the reason I put it off."

BURNS'S REPUBLICANISM.—Mr. Allen told me some anecdotes of Burns; his saying at some public dinner, during the feverish times of Jacobinism, on being asked for a toast, "I'll give you a Bible toast—The last verse of the last chapter of the last Book of Kings." On another occasion, having to give a toast before some high tories, he said to the chairman, "You agree that lords should have their privileges?" "Yes, certainly." "Well, then, I'll give you the privileges of the lords of the creation."

☞ That was decidedly a generous hearted young man who had divided a luscious orange between his sweetheart and her mother, and being advised at the time not to be so free with his fruit, or he would ruin himself, replied in a drawling tone, "Oh, no, thankee! Take a whole half, each of you! It does me good to see you eat and enjoy it so well—and, besides, it ain't ro-bin' myself, nuther, for I have got three more in my coat tail pocket!"

☞ THE PRINTER.—The printer, in his folio, heralds the world. Now comes tidings of weddings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, wars, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, shipwrecks, piracies, sea-fights, law-suits, pleas, proclamations, embassies, trophies triumphs, revels, sports, plays; then again, as in a new shifted scene, treasons, cheatings, tricks, robberies, enormous villanies of all kinds, funerals, burials, new discoveries, expeditions; now comical, then tragical matters. To-day we hear of new offices created, to-morrow of great men deposed, and then again of fresh honors conferred: one is set loose, another imprisoned; he thrives, his neighbor turneth bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, and so forth. Thus we do hear such like; both public and private news.—*Old Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

EFFECTS OF TEA.—Dr. John Burdell, a distinguished dentist of New York, boiled down a pound of young hyson tea, from a quart to half a pint, and ten drops killed a rabbit three months old; and when boiled down to one gill, eight drops killed a cat of the same age in a few minutes! Think of it. Most persons who drink tea use not less than a pound in three months; and yet a pound of hyson tea contains poison enough to kill, according to the above experiment, more than seventeen thousand rabbits, or nearly two hundred a day; and if boiled down to a gill, it contains poison enough to kill 10,860 cats in the same space of time! Dr. Burdell made similar trials with coffee and black tea, and found the results nearly the same.—*Sanderland's Book of Health.*

☞ A good story is told of an officer in the American army during the war of 1812-'14, who was, and is still, more accustomed to the use of the sword than the pen. While stationed on the Lake frontier, two of his soldiers, brothers, of the name of Kennedy, and usually called Kannady, deserted. The officer of whom we are speaking wrote an order, and issued it to a subaltern, to take a file of men and proceed to a place named, and take the two Canadas. The order was peremptory, and not to be trifled with. The officer looked at his instructions, and prepared to obey them, but he remarked that he did not believe he could take more than one of the provinces *without a reinforcement!*

THE SABBATH.—It is very remarkable that the heathen nations, who can be supposed to have no knowledge of the law or history of Moses, accounted one day of the seven more sacred than the rest. Hesiod styles the seventh day "the illustrious light of the Sun;" and Homer says, "Then came the seventh day, which is sacred or holy." Almost all nations, too, who have any notion of religion, have appropriated one day in seven to the purpose of public devotion.

LIFE AT A WASHINGTON HOTEL.

Mr. Adolphus Jenkins, being a little hard of hearing, is astounded by Mr. Bulley's demand, "for the third and last time," that he should "Pass the mustard."

Agricultural.

EXPERIMENTS IN THE FERMENTATION OF MANURE HEAPS.

I. A heap of sods and weeds containing about 40 cart-loads was put to rot, and allowed to remain two or three months. There being a large proportion of earth in the heap, it was employed to mix up with the contents of two very large cesspools which received the drainage of eight 10-roomed houses, and had not been emptied for 17 years. The odor given off by the accumulation was most sickening, and large bubbles of gas generated by the decomposing mass were constantly breaking upon the surface of the water. The soil residue was mixed with nearly its own bulk of the soil and soda, and was thus rendered so free from smell as to be carted past a terrace of houses in the daytime without a complaint. About 35 loads of refuse was removed. With this heap was mixed in a few weeks its own bulk of horse, cow, and pig dung, which soon formed a black homogeneous mass almost odorless. It gave off no perceptible gas, and proved in the end as powerful a manure as could safely be applied to land. Some York Regent Potatoes planted with it grew tops nearly 6 feet long with a corresponding crop of tubers, and Early Shaws at 2 feet 6 inches from row to row could not be dug the second week in July without first removing the tops. The men who dug this crop stated that it was the best they ever dug at the time of year.

II. Four cwt. of pigeon dung was mixed with twice its weight of soil and kept for about five months exposed to weather. It was once turned. No smell of ammonia was perceived during that period, nor would test-paper indicate escape of ammonia save when the heap was turned. A very slight odor was then perceptible, and by careful management a feeble reaction could be detected by the test-paper. I believe the influence of this was superior to 4 cwt. of the best guano applied in the usual way.

III. A person in the neighborhood had accumulated the blood from the public slaughter-houses for many weeks. At the time of which I speak the mass consisted of more than a dozen tons of black coagulum which was putrefying in a hole. The stench given off could be smelt for half a mile in the direction of the wind, and every one was loud in denouncing the effluvia. The most sceptical would have admitted the formation and escape of phosphuretted hydrogen had he been kept a few minutes on the lee side of the mass. I purchased this and had it carted within a hundred yards of a number of good houses. It was placed to the S. W. so that the offensive stench might be borne on the wind to the inhabitants, and was left a day uncovered. Complaints were numerous, threats of legal proceedings were made, and when sufficient attention was thus roused to call persons' thoughts to the mode of destroying the effluvia, a quantity of earth about equal to the blood was thrown over it. The cure was instantaneous, and no further complaint was made, though the whole of the stuff was left for a fortnight where it was first placed. No gas was given off which could be detected by smell or test-paper.

IV. From the same person was purchased at the same time about 20 tons of slaughter-house refuse consisting of the partially digested food taken from the insides of animals which were killed, and of waste pieces of skin, flesh and hair removed in dressing the carcases for sale. This was carted to the same field as the former, and, like it, was left uncovered to arouse attention, which it did most effectually. Several tons of night soil were added to the heap, and the whole was covered with earth, when no more annoyance arose from it than from an equal quantity of dry sawdust. As a manure I never saw anything equal it for efficiency.

V. Forty loads of sods from an old pasture were laid to rot and frequently watered with "steep-water" from a maltkiln. The latter is a substance abounding in nitrogen and earthy salts from the Barley. With these were mixed as much Cabbage and green refuse as could be accumulated, amounting to about 15 loads. From this ordinary taste could detect the escape of neither ammonia nor sulphuretted hydrogen. Four tons of waste wool containing a good deal of oil were then added as a body consisting of much nitrogen and sulphur, well known for its generating great heat when moistened, and for the fœtid odors given off during decomposition. The same result being obtained, 13 tons of mixed horse, cow, and pig dung were added, and then, after a short time, about eight tons of nightsoil. The heap now consisted of materials which were as likely to evolve ammonia and give off offensive odors as anything we can conceive. No smell, however, being perceptible, and no reaction appearing with test-paper, a feather moistened with hydrochloric acid was employed. This was held over all parts of the heap and at the lee side of it, and then away from it in the air, but no difference could be perceived in the two cases. It was then taken to the neighborhood of an old fashioned manure heap* containing some fifteen loads, when the white wreaths gave a lesson which it may be hoped will be learnt effectually by those whose wealth is thus hourly dissipated.

I have avoided laboratory experiments as much as possible in this essay, because I know the objection which practical men entertain to them. But one may be here mentioned in the hope that others will repeat it, because it is more convincing than a thousand arguments.

A quantity of the heap Experiment V. was digested with water, and gave a light brownish solution neutral to test-paper. This was carefully filtered twice, and then mixed with caustic potash, to test the presence of ammonia. None was given off, but a brown flocculent substance collected upon the surface of a perfectly clear white fluid. This was filtered, and the brown substance burnt, when it evolved ammonia copiously. It also gave off ammonia slowly when exposed to the air.

Here then was nitrogenized matter in the form of as true a salt as the muriate of ammonia which the farmer buys of the manufacturing chemist for manure. Moreover, it was so combined that even potash could not expel it. It was perfectly soluble in water, and therefore ready for plants to take up as food. In manure thus fermented, I have little doubt, will be found an adequate remedy for weak straw upon well farmed land; and that the economy of nitrogen will lead to an increase of grain can hardly admit of doubt. In short, here was what Nature makes when she decomposes substances in the earth, a perfect manure according to the highest authority.*

VI. The account of these experiments would hardly be complete unless it were extended to note the value of green vegetable matter as a manure, and a peculiarity of its fermentation, which seems to have been doubted or denied. Ploughing in a green crop is thought to enrich the land in carbon by the fermentation in the soil of what is ploughed under. Gathering green vegetable matter into heaps is regarded very much in the light of forming "a carbonaceous residue of decayed plants." Mr. Stephens has some strong remarks of this kind under the head of "*composts*," and Prof. Johnston appears to lean to the same view. The latter gentleman has, however, one passage which it is impossible to pass, as a very large number of my own observations are entirely opposed to it. He says "vegetable substances in general do not decay so rapidly, and emit no odor of ammonia when fermenting." "Elements of Agricultural Chemistry," p. 205. The words "in general" are in italics, and are clearly meant in some measure to qualify what is stated. But, if the passage mean anything, its signification is that, with very few exceptions, the fact is as stated.

Having considerable doubt of the fact, I resolved to test it practically, and have had collections of green vegetable matter made whenever possible. It has been placed in small heaps, such as a barrowful, and in large ones of two or three cartloads, and comprises grass, cabbage, radishes, and weeds of every kind grown in the neighborhood. I have tested more than fifty heaps, composed chiefly of different weeds, and in no instance have I failed in getting turmeric paper strongly browned when held in the vapor given off by the decomposing substances. The "odor of ammonia" was certainly not perceptible at a distance from my one or two barrowsful of weeds fermented in the open air, but neither would it have been from an equal quantity of ordinary manure under the same circumstances. It was, however, distinctly and easily perceptible if the nose were placed close to that portion of the heap from which a forkful had just been taken, and I am induced to suspect that the want of this precaution led to the statement I have quoted from that justly high authority, Professor Johnston.

One experiment upon a larger scale was most notable. Three or four cartloads of waste radishes were placed to ferment, and allowed to remain for three weeks; and when they were removed, (June 25, 1853,) nearly the whole mass was rotten. Upon coming up to the laborer, who was set to remove them, I was surprised to find him standing back from the heap with his eyes watering, and apparently just recovering his breath. My own nose, however, soon told me the reason, for the quantity of ammonia given off, was such that it was impossible to breathe with the head held closely over the heap. One or two other men who smelt the gas, believed I had mixed "hartshorn" with the heap. From no equal quantity of either animal or vegetable matter did I ever observe an equal escape of ammonia.

Unfortunately, I am not able to state what other gases were given off. I left the spot to procure the means of testing it, and upon my return, had the mortification of finding that the man had made an end of his "nasty job," and had removed the mass to an adjacent dunghill. I had omitted to tell him to leave it till I came back.

With a knowledge of these facts, I have no alternative but to differ from the high authorities I have named, and may venture to express a hope that chemists will investigate this subject in the field and not in the laboratory.

It surely is a significant hint to farmers to accumulate as much of the green refuse of their farms as possible, and to ferment it with so much soil as to save the ammonia and other valuable compounds with which the decaying plants abound.—*Rev. W. R. Bowditch in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.*

* Potatoes manured with this heap, yielded little more than half the crop of those manured with the other.

* Value of Manure of Heap V.—Experiment I.—Part of this heap was employed for Potatoes. Forty pounds' weight of "Haigh's Seedling" (kidney) Potatoes were planted with it April 4th, 1853, three feet three inches from row to row, and eighteen inches from set to set, upon land of fair quality and in good condition. Under date August 17, 1853, I have this memorandum relative to the crop:—Average yield 31 fold. Sets 5½ packs (of 280 lbs.) each per acre; 31x5½=170 packs per acre. Present price 10s. per pack; produce = 85l. per acre. This experiment is not offered for more than it is worth. Part of this large produce is undoubtedly due to peculiarity of management, which this is not the place to describe. It may also be fairly doubted how far a crop of five rods of ground will justify reasoning applied to a field or a farm. No account was kept of the quantity of manure applied, though I do not think it was much, if anything, above an average. But even after every allowance, I think the most sceptical will admit that the manure employed must have been better than common. Savoys were planted between the rows of Potatoes in the last week of June, and they are now, October 28th, an excellent crop. Experiment II.—The following appears beyond objection:—An acre of light land, of medium quality and in fair condition, was ploughed and planted with York Regent Potatoes, half on the 3d and half on the 11th of May. The sets were of the ordinary kind, purchased as wanted. Drills were made by the plough two feet two inches apart, and the sets planted about fifteen inches from each other in the row. The rows ran east and west. Twelve one-horse cartloads of manure were given to the acre, besides three cartloads of ashes obtained by burning vegetable rubbish. The potatoes were once handhoed, and then earthed by the plough, July 7th. They were much admired by neighboring farmers during growth, and on the 31st of August, were sold upon the land for 20l. 5s. per acre, to be cleared by 8th October 28th. I regret my inability to learn the exact produce. Several experienced dealers, who saw the crop as it was thrown up, estimated it at from seventy-two to eighty packs per acre. This experiment, as the complement of the former, seems every way satisfactory as to the quality of manure treated as recommended.

PROTECTION TO FARMS.

When I saw the prairie land for the first time, it struck me very forcibly, and I have often thought of it since, how much more comfortable the inhabitants might be if they would plant hedges or wide belts of trees to screen them from cold winter winds, and also be a protection to their crops, especially fruit. If each owner of one or two hundred acres of land would plant their boundaries or division lines with belts of trees, say from twenty to one hundred feet wide, they would find it to their advantage and comfort.

Besides the protection, the trees would, in a few years, when large enough to thin out, be valuable for firewood and timber. An objector might say, "It would be very expensive to procure and plant such wide belts of trees." To such I would reply, that many kinds one year old (which is large enough), could be imported very cheap from the English and French nurseries, by the 1,000, such as elms, ash, maples, beech, birch, linden, larch, alder, &c. Agents in New York City would order them on application.

The ground should be ploughed a year previous to planting, and well worked through the Summer, with or without a crop, as most convenient. The following Spring put in the plants from three to six feet apart; those which make the largest growth, such as elms, &c., plant on the back line, and so on with the different sizes, so as to have the lowest growing kind inside, or front; the last or inside row it would be well to plant with evergreens, say Norway spruce, because it is a faster grower than evergreens generally, and small plants can be obtained cheap.

Osage, orange, locust, and chestnut, being fast growers, would be desirable to mix with the above named kinds.

Another plan would be to procure seeds of any of the fast-growing kinds of trees, grow them in beds in the garden one year, and then transplant them in the belts or screens. But there would be failures and disappointments, and it might not prove as cheap and satisfactory as to import them.

But the quickest mode of obtaining a screen for protection would be to procure cuttings of some of the free and strong growing varieties of the willow, such as Salix triandra, S. Beveridgii, S. Purpurea, which grow from forty to sixty, and seventy feet high, and very rapidly, too, in a deep, moist soil, and very suitable, no doubt, to much of the prairie land. This, however, would not be so valuable for general purposes, when grown, as elm, maple, &c., but would make its growth in about half the time.

For profit and quick growth combined, there is nothing probably equal to the common red locust (Robinia pseudacacia); it will not only make a fine belt for protection in a short time, but for fencing posts and durable timber (especially ship building), nothing equals it, and it has always commanded a high price; and I think a portion of the western prairies might be planted with it, as a profitable investment. It is said there are two kinds, one durable, and the other not; but I know of only one kind. It is possible, if grown on deep, rich, mucky soils, the timber will be cross-grained, spongy, and not as durable.—*Chas. Downing, in Transactions of the Illinois State Ag. Soc.*

CHEAP WAY OF UNDERDRAINING.

The following, from Gen. Harmon, of Wheatland, N. Y., we copy from the New York Chronicle. It is practical and to the point:

"There is no one subject that demands more attention among farmers, than the underdraining of low and swampy lands. In passing through the farming districts, we see many large plats of land which are enclosed and the owners are paying taxes on, which do not yield annually the cost of keeping them. Now these useless acres could be made to pay the interest of one hundred dollars for each annually, while the interest on the cost of improvement would not be one dollar an acre. Many have supposed, as their works show, that an open drain from twelve to eighteen inches deep and wide, is all that is required to make wet land productive.

"In draining, the first step is to procure suitable tools for the business. Common drains should be dug fifteen inches on the top and three at the bottom, three feet deep on all soils free from stones. This size is the cheapest. If the banks are solid, the cheapest tile that I ever used is to lay in cedar, pine, black-ash, or any green poles that will go down within six or eight inches of the bottom; they should be stepped on and crowded down solid; then fill in one-third full of earth, pound it down firm with a paver's mallet; then fill the other third as before, and finish off.

"One great difficulty in filling drains is, that the earth is left too loose, so that mice make holes which let in water from the surface, which will soon spoil a drain that is made of stone, poles or brick. Water is carried under ground much cheaper than on the surface, and a field of several open drains is not good economy. When covered under ground, they may be ploughed over and rendered productive. Where drains are needed in stony soils, the bottom of the ditch should be wide, so that one could stand and work in it, and stones laid so as to carry off the water. In some sections, tile would be cheapest. No farmer who has wet lands should neglect to drain them because he cannot get tile.

"Some plats of land are made dry by a ditch around them. Others will require several ditches through them. Such land, when made dry, will be the most productive. Carrots and potatoes will do well on such soils, and most of the Spring crops. The grasses and hay from such soil will be worth twice as much as the same weight from lands that are too wet. If the wet lands which are enclosed in this State could be made dry, they would add millions to our farming products and our commerce.

"Three spades are used to make narrow drains—one common one, one blade five inches wide and fourteen long, and one five inches at the top and three at the end of the blade, handle five feet long, so that one can stand on the top of the ditch in taking out the lowest part of the earth."

NEW MODE OF PLANTING SWEET POTATO VINES, IN LEVEL LAND OR IN BEDS.—On the 20th of July, 1853, I commenced plating potato vines in the following manner; the ground planted, was rye stubble, badly ploughed and harrowed, and very clayey:

I made furrows with a bull tongue plough four feet apart: laid two vines along the whole length in the furrow, then covered, with a plough, about three or four inches deep, running a furrow on each side. They soon began to come up, and, although the ground was dry and cloddy, made a very good stand, with the exception of two rows, which were planted with young and tender vines in the middle of the day, which were scorched by the sun before they could be covered by the plough. On the 18th of August, I bedded up three rows (that is, broke out the middles) but the ground being too dry and hard, I merely narrowed the balance to keep down the grass; a spell of wet weather setting in, caused the vines to run over the ground, and they were worked no more.

On the 16th of November I commenced digging them; they yielded at the rate of fifty bushels per acre. The three rows ploughed, yielded two to one of the others. In this manner they may be planted in level land or in beds, and at almost any time, unless the ground is very dry or too wet to plough. Cattle and horses prefer the dried vines to any other feed.—*J. F. Ernst, Fayette Co., Texas.*

OXEN VS. HORSES.—The "Wool Grower" says that "the ploughing matches throughout the country have established the fact, that oxen can plough a given space of ground as *quick* and as *well* as horses." We do not know how this may be, but we do know a gentleman who puts a yoke of Devon oxen to a plough, immediately behind a team of three good horses, and they do the same day's work of ploughing that the horses do. They are stabled and curried and fed like horses, and do all the work required of them with as much spirit.—*American Farmer.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 76 letters.

My 31, 8, 48, 52, 3, is a town in Austria.

My 45, 23, 27, 12, ("is exclaims sound if heard aright.")

My 9, 54, 72, 66, 63, is a celebrated Italian poet remarkable for his misfortunes.

My 1, 34, 67, is a necessary article used in printing.

My 69, 60, 50, 37, 2, 21, 33, 10, 46, is not an agreeable sensation.

My 45, 40, 46, 32, 12, 63, 73, 59, 41, 44, was an ancient name given to the Grecian Archipelago.

My 33, 38, 66, 55, 51, 76, was the most powerful of all the Danish Kings of England.

My 37, 49, 25, 46, 70, 15, 17, 50, 25, 24, 72, 28, 23, 74, 30, 69, 5, 14, 16, 48, 32, 35, 2, 31, 73, 43, 29, 37, is a maxim applicable to some authority you'll be when they become bankrupt.

My 72, 42, 4, 11, 10, 13, 70, is a division of Italy remarkable for the beautiful scenery on its lakes and rivers.

My 19, 52, 58, 13, 72, signifies the point to which our course is directed; when or where our progress ceases or is to cease; the point we seek or intend to reach, the point aimed at, and the object or purpose in view.

My 28, 62, 40, 3, 24, 34, 53, 61, was a dramatic contemporary with Shakspeare, not, however, much celebrated for his compositions.

My 31, 57, 33, 21, is a kind of proverbial number.

My 30, 3, 4, 22, 50, 26, is a seaport of Spain.

My 31, 68, 14, 47, 60, 35, 13, 65, 56, was a distinguished Chinese philosopher, the spirit of whom the learned men of China worship.

My 27, 12, 41, 55, 38, 58, 48, 10, 37, was an order of friars.

My 68, 8, 18, 53, 6, 4, 39, was a distinguished battle fought there in the thirteenth century.

My whole is an extract from one of the English poets, which all young Americans would do well to consider.

CUBOS.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 1, 10, 7, 8, 11, 9, was a renowned and warlike king of Macedonia.

My 3, 7, 4, 8, 7, was sister of Phrixus, and was drowned in the Hellespont.

My 3, 4, 11, 12, was the mother of the founders of Rome.

My 4, 7, 6, 5, was the mother of Castor and Pollux.

My 5, 7, 12, was a huntress changed into an island of the same name.

My 6, 7, 4, 1, 10, 3, was a town in Greece noted for the far-famed oracle of Apollo.

My 7, 9, 7, 11, was a people of the Peloponnesus.

My 5, 3, 6, 7, was an island in the Ægean Sea, the scene of a naval battle between the Persians and Romans.

My 6, 12, 4, 11, 8, 5, was a festival at Rome in honor of the goddess Pallas.

My 10, 7, 4, 11, 7, was one of the daughters of the Sun and Clymene.

My 11, 8, 5, was a celebrated mountain in the vicinity of Troy.

My 12, 3, 1, 10, 7, 11, 2, was a surname of Diana in Elis.

My whole is a city noted for its great beauty and its enchanting scenery.

O. L. BRADLEY.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 8, 2, 19, 41, 16, 44, was an apostle.

My 10, 44, 12, 43, 39, 40, 37, 44, 31, 19, 35, 9, 43, is a king now reigning.

My 11, 30, 42, 15, 12, 29, 41, was a king of France.

My 20, 14, 33, 18, 23, 5, 32, 13, was a wife of Philip II.

My 20, 29, 41, 40, 32, 3, 40, 27, was a distinguished Greek general.

My 1, 25, 30, 9, 39, is a well known river of Italy.

My 13, 40, 24, 44, 36, 5, 13, 7, 29, 14, 22, was a Roman emperor.

My 25, 29, 17, 39, 40, was a king of Sicily.

My 30, 10, 37, 16, 34, was a victim of the guillotine.

My 31, 5, 12, 29, 4, 29, 28, 35, 38, 44, was a celebrated Athenian.

My whole was one of the greatest battles of ancient times.

ECLIRF.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first* is possessed by some,
Though many are without it;
My *second* a metal is,
You'll not be inclined to doubt it
My *third's* a very large weight,
I fancy I see you wond'ring,
When I tell you that my *whole*
Was a lord mayor of London.

Lexington, Ky. J. G. COOPER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Erase my 2, 4, 6, and I am part of a fish.
Erase my 4, 5, 6, and transpose and I am a kind of tree.
Erase my 2, 5, 6, and I am an interjection.
Erase my 1, 3, 5, and I am a color.
Erase my 1, 4, and I am a part of fruit.
Erase my 1, 5, 6, and transpose and I am anger.
Erase my 1, 2, 3, and I am a termination.
Erase my 1, 2, 6, and transpose and I am what all must do.
Erase my 1, 5, and transpose and I am dreadful.
Erase my 2, and I am the opposite of my whole.

Belmont Co., Ohio. ADDISON.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a part of the human race;
My second is worn above the face;
My third is to imbue or to be dried;
My whole is an island well fortified.

Elkton, N. Y. QUINO.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a substitute for general;
My second I would recommend you to do in solving this riddle;
My whole I hope you belong to.

ARTEMUS MARTIN.

Venango Co., Pa.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A person ascending a monument observed a tower at some distance situated on the top of a mound. Wishing to ascertain the height of the tower he measured the angles of elevation when he was 21 feet from the top of the monument, and found the angle of elevation of the top of the mound to be 6 degrees, and that of the top of the tower 9 degrees. He then ascended to the top of the monument and found the angle of elevation there of the top of the mound to be 3 degrees, and that of the top of the tower 7 degrees. Required the height of the tower?

MATHEMATICUS.

Red Brush Hill, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When may a nose be said to be thinner than a shingle? Ans.—When he is a shaving.

☞ Why is the D'Oyley, at table, like a lady's bonnet? Ans.—Because it ought always to be put on before the glass.

☞ Why was St. Paul like a horse? Ans.—Because he loved Timothy.

☞ Why is the letter G like the sun? Ans.—Because it is the centre of *light*.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—"None but the brave deserve the fair." BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus Augustus. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The crutch of Time does more than the club of Hercules. CHARADE.—(Pan-I-can-do-a-rye) Penitentiary. REBUS.—Rome. CHARADE.—Bear-baiting. CHARADE.—Parrot. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—Sides of greater 30, 40 and 50 perches. Sides of smaller 9, 40 and 41 perches. ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.—1, 5 and 10.

DIGNITY.—Marcel was a dancing master—the first posture-master of his day. He used to say that none but the English possessed dignity enough to dance well. He was so wrapt up in the sublimity of his art, that he would not pardon the least inelegance of posture. In his latter days he was in very reduced circumstances, and severely afflicted with gout. A young lady, one of his pupils, got her father to obtain him a pension from the king, and she was deputed to present it to him. She ran up to his chair, her eyes sparkling with joy, and put it into his hand. He immediately threw it from him, and said, "Go and take it up, miss, and present it to me as I taught you." She burst into tears, and obeyed. "I consent to take it now, and thank you; but your elbow was not quite rounded enough."

Precautions Against Accidents on English Railways---The Semaphore System.

No one who has travelled in England can fail to have noticed, everywhere along the railroads, the high poles with moveable arms or vanes at the top which continually move to and out, and seem, by their evolutions, in some mysterious way to regulate the progress.

These poles are called *Semaphores*, and the system of signalling by them, is known as the "Semaphore system." The moveable arms are painted red on the faces, and are worked from the ground by means of wire.

They can be seen at a great distance, and are thus read:—

When lowered and concealed—All safe! go ahead!

When half way out—Doubtful! go slowly!

When full out—Danger! stop!

At night, or in foggy weather, the lanterns of different colors, permanently fixed to these arms, are lighted, and on a straight piece of track, of a dark night, can be distinguished for a couple of miles. A white light signifies safety; a green light, doubt; a red light, danger. There are police stations at every three miles along the line where the Semaphores occur, some of them being operated by the sentinel in his box, at the distance of two or three hundred yards from the foot of the supporting poles.

Ela E., Price, in his address to the meeting of sympathy held at Cape May in behalf of the sufferers by the late railroad accident, speaking of the precautions against accidents on the railroads of Europe, said—

"All of these could not be adopted in this new and widely expanded continent, without defeating entirely more than half of the railroads by the crushing weight of the expenditure. But some of the regulations could be adopted that would incalculably increase the security of railway travelling."

Let the English semaphore system be adopted at once in our country, and we will venture to say accidents by rail will be almost unheard-of the coming years; and, so far from being crushed by the weight of the expenditure, it will form one of the most saving measures that a Company could execute.

It is not *precautions*, Mr. Editor, that are expensive and crushing, but the *accidents* that occur for want of them. In the late disaster, which has aroused the community, for instance, the cost to the Pennsylvania Company, in damages to engines and cars, derangement of trains (not to mention the more serious loss of public confidence,) cannot fall much short of $50,000. A very small proportion of this expenditure would have stocked their road with semaphore signals from Philadelphia to the Lehigh.

In England, accidents, by rail, to passengers in the cars are almost unknown, and when they do occur with a fatal result to one, or two, or three, such an expression of public indignation is called forth, as make the trembling directors resolve never to set their ill-advised economy be the cause of another.

Suits are brought, and damages to the extent of thousands of pounds awarded the suffering parties or their families. Even comparatively trivial injuries must be paid for. We have heard of one man who received considerable damages for being merely well shaken—caused by the car in which he stood backing against a burthen train at the station. A slight bruise was the outside of his injuries.

On the London and Northwestern Railroad—perhaps the most extensive and admirably managed of any in the world—there is a telegraph system for the prevention of accidents, which cannot be sufficiently admired. It may be briefly described, as consisting of two wires running the whole length of the road, and communicating with police stations of three miles intervals; at every second telegraph pole along the entire road, it comes down in a bend around glass insulators, so as to be within easy reach. Along these wires—one for the up track, the other for the down—a continuous current is made to pass. Should any accident happen to a train, or anything whatever occur to detain it, the guard jumps off and merely breaks the wire, where it is within his reach. By stopping the continuous current, this act gives notice to the stations ahead and behind that something is wrong. A pilot engine is despatched to the assistance of the loiterer, and the semaphores are so worked, that all trains approaching this point, on either track, are brought to a stop. Suppose the detention to be for a half hour or so, to mend something which has got of order. When ready to start, the guard renews the current, by joining the ends of the wire, and the train moves on. Everybody is notified of the fact instantaneously, and the other trains fall into order.

Besides this admirable plan, there is a telegraph devoted specially to the policemen of the road, which is so simple as to be read at a glance by men totally unable to read common printing or writing. At every three miles the policeman sits in his box, and allows no train to pass by him until notice has been received from the box three miles ahead of the safe arrival of the preceding train at that station. If it has not arrived, the train following must wait till it does. In the meantime the semaphore says "No, you can't go on."

Of course, until this one moves on no other can pass the second station behind, and so the system reacts to the very commencement of the line.

If these devices are considered necessary on English roads, each with their two separate and distinct tracks, to what extent ought not precautionary measures be carried on our reckless danger-inviting single track railroads.

There are over sixty trains, freight and passenger, that run on the line between London and Birmingham (110 miles) in the course of the day, yet with the exception of a passing injury, now and then, to guard or pointsman—the fruit of their own carelessness—accidents are unheard of.—*Correspondent of Public Ledger.*

THE FOUNTAINS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—In some respects, the most wonderful water-works in the world are those just completed at the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, England, for the purpose of playing the fountains there. The water-works of Versailles are astonishing, especially when it is considered how many generations ago they were put up; but they yield, in many particulars, even as mechanical contrivances, to those at Sydenham. The latter, however, have a merit even higher than that of the hydrostatic ability they display, for while those at Versailles were erected by a despotic monarch, with the resources of a whole kingdom at his command, these have been constructed by a private company, without a cent of aid from the Government. The fact is, to some extent, significant of the progress of civilization. Less than two centuries ago, monarchs only could afford what the people, in voluntary associations, purchase and put up for themselves. Refinement has descended in the direction of the masses, and not only refinement but wealth. God speed its onward progress! But to a description of the Crystal Palace water-works.

The most striking features of these works are the two colossal fountains, each throwing a vast jet of water to the height of two hundred and eighty feet. In order to achieve this feat, three different expedients were tried, two of which failed, involving an immense loss in money. Finally, a couple of enormous towers were erected, on the highest part of the grounds, each rising to an elevation of two hundred and seventy-nine feet. A series of powerful engines pump the water from a well, partly Artesian, five hundred and seventy-five feet deep, up from successive platforms, and finally force a portion of it to the top of each of these towers, whence it descends to feed the two gigantic fountains, the lesser fountains being fed from reservoirs on the different platforms. Some idea of the enormous strength with which the tower had to be constructed may be derived from the fact, that the total weight of each tower, when the fountains are playing, is over three thousand tons, viz.: "wo thousand tons of water, two hundred and forty tons of wrought iron, six hundred and thirty-eight tons of cast iron, and two hundred tons of glass, timber, lead, &c. This does not include the vibratory shock of the water, in ascending and descending, which required additional strength to be given to the towers.

In all, there are eleven thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight jets in the entire series of works, and the total consumption of water is one hundred and twenty thousand gallons every minute; for, besides the two colossal fountains, there are ten or a dozen lesser ones that throw jets one hundred feet high, as well as almost countless smaller fountains, in addition to water-temples, cascades, &c., &c. Ten miles of iron pipes are required to conduct the water that feeds these works, and through the smallest of these pipes a man can crawl. Yet the space, over which the fountains are distributed, is comparatively small. The sight, when they are all in full play, is said to be magnificent. The spectator sees before him a group of basins, arranged on terraces that rise above each other, the Crystal Palace building crowning the summit; and each of these basins seems alive with jets flashing in the sunshine, and crossing and re-crossing each other, while cascades diversify the scenes, and the two colossal fountains shoot to a dizzy height from the lowest basin of all. As a contribution of modern genius to the beautiful, as well as a triumph of hydrostatic skill, the Crystal Palace fountains deserve to be ranked among the wonders of the world.

ABANDONED.—The attempt to keep the dust out of cars of the Central Road, by boxing in the coils, has proved futile, and the rigging has been taken off. The caning was continually testing off, and frightening into fits timid passengers. The last obstruction on or near the track—a stick of wood, for instance—was sufficient to tear a side to pieces, and so they have been abandoned.—*Rochester Advertiser.*

VERDICT OF THE CORONER'S JURY.—The following is the verdict in the North Pennsylvania Railroad accident:—

First. The inquest find that Rev. D. Sheridan, Lawrence Dillon, Edward Hall, Elizabeth Gunn, Thos. Kelly, Bernard Ruyegan, Michael O'Brien, John Maguire, James McIntyre, Francis Walls, James Quigley, Catharine McGurk, John Scrillon, John Ryan, Hugh Campbell, James Powlin, Mary McElrain and Henry Harris, died in the city of Philadelphia from violence inflicted on Thursday, the 17th of July, near Camp Hill Station, on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, within the vicinity of Montgomery.

Second. That such deaths resulted from the violent collision of two trains of locomotive engines and passenger cars belonging to and under the management of the said company.

Third. That the said collision was occasioned by the criminal negligence of Alfred F. Hoppel, who, as conductor, was in charge of the excursion train running from Philadelphia to Fort Washington, and who carelessly and negligently ran his train beyond the sideling at Edge Hill.

Fourth. That the regulations of the North Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the running of excursion trains are insufficient, especially in this, that there is no provision for special instructions to the conductors of the regular trains when excursion trains are on the road.

Fifth. That the said regulations are further defective in this, in permitting regular trains on a road of nineteen miles in length to start at or near the time when excursion trains are expected to arrive.

Sixth. That adequate provision is not made for the regulation and comparison of the watches used by conductors and engineers on the road.

The inquest make these last three findings as the expression of their opinion, and as required by their duty to the public.

Mr. A. F. Hoppel, the conductor of the excursion train on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, which ran into the regular train, has been committed to the prison at Norristown, Montgomery county, by Judge Smyser, to answer the charge of murder. Warrants were issued in this city for his arrest, but in consequence of legal proceedings having been commenced in Montgomery county, they were of no effect.

The Montgomery County Jury found as follows:

As respects the responsibility to be attached to individuals connected with the disaster, we find as follows:

First. We deem it due to the memory of Wm. Vanstavoren, the conductor of the down train, since deceased, to state that he was running his train, at the time of the collision, in accordance with the regulations of the road.

Second. We find that Wm. L. Lee, the engineer of the down train, is free from all blame, and did all in his power to avert the catastrophe after the first warning of the impending danger.

Third. We find that the immediate cause of the collision was the gross carelessness of Alfred F. Hoppel, the conductor of the excursion train, in running his train contrary to the instructions, after it had got so far behind time as to render it his duty keep the track clear for the regular down train.

Fourth. We find that if the regulations of the Railroad Company had been obeyed, the collision would not have happened.

BRIGHAM YOUNG ON POLYGAMY.—The latest number of the Deseret News which have reached the States, contain not a few pictures of Mormon life and sentiment. Read, for instance, the following apology for polygamy, addressed by Brigham Young to some of the refractory brethren:—"I do really wish that some were possessed of better sense; I will therefore tell you a few things that you should know. God never introduced the patriarchal order of marriage with a view to please man in his carnal desires, nor to punish females for anything which they had done, but He introduced it for the express purpose of raising up to His name a royal priesthood, a peculiar people. Do we not see the benefit of it? Yes, we have lived long enough to realize its advantages. Suppose that I had had the privilege of having only one wife, I should have had only three sons, for these are all that my first wife bore, whereas I now have buried five sons and have thirteen living. It is obvious that I could not have been blessed with such a family if I had been restricted to one wife; but by the introduction of this law, I can be the instrument in preparing the tabernacles for those spirits which have to come in this dispensation. Under this law I and my brethren are preparing tabernacles for those spirits which have been preserved to enter into bodies of honor, and be taught the pure principles of life and salvation, and those tabernacles will grow up and become mighty in the kingdom of our God." One of the elders—Brother Grant—in a Sunday morning discourse, gives the following as his experience of the workings of polygamy:—"You cannot alter it—you cannot revoke this eternal law. If a man has fifty wives, and the fiftieth is the best, does the most good, she will get the greatest reward, in spite of all the grunting on the part of the first ones."

EDITORIAL QUALIFICATIONS IN MISSISSIPPI.—The Yazoo American Banner, a Mississippi paper, is owned by Mrs. Harriet N. Prewett, who having secured the services of a "political editor," thus announces his qualifications:

"We have the pleasure of announcing to the readers of the American Banner that Mr. John T. Smith, an able writer and a zealous American, who has been connected with the Mississippi press for fourteen years, has been engaged to take charge of the political department of this paper during the canvass. Mr. Smith, though a remarkably courteous and amiable gentleman, has fought five duels, killing his man every time. He brings into the political canvass, beside a general stock of political information and zeal for the cause, two bowie knives, one of Parson Beecher's Sharpe's rifles, two six shooters, and sundry canes and shillelahs, not to speak of two pair of brass knuckles. We bespeak for Mr. Smith a cordial reception by the press gang.

"P. S.—Mr. Smith brings into the service a ferocious pair of whiskers and a diabolical moustache, which will carry dismay into the ranks of the adversary. He has not yet arrived at his post; his daguerreotype, by-the-way, may be seen at Gurney's, taken in the inimitable style of that artist.

"N. B.—Challenges received from 9 o'clock, A. M., to 9, P. M."

"I WANTED MY PASSAGE."—Among the many thousands of Mormons who come to this country, we do not believe there have been any who belonged to Ireland. The elders do not obtain any converts among the Irish, nor do their doctrines find favor. A well known Irish gentleman in this city observed to us yesterday, that he had in vain endeavored to detect an Irish man or woman among the many Mormons who have entered Castle Garden. On Saturday last seven hundred and fifty Mormons were landed at the depot from the ship Thornton: most of them have been sent out at the expense of the Mormon Emigrant Fund. He saw among them English, Scotch, Welsh, Jerseymen, Danes and Swedes in great number, and at last he thought he detected a shrilly Paddy. Walking up to him, he inquired his name. "John Daly, sur," he replied. "Are you an Irishman?" "Troth I am that same, yer honor." Assuming a tone of rebuke, he continued—"Are you a Mormon, too?" With an air of exquisite drollness he whispered, "Faith, I am not; but, you see, *I wanted me passage.*" "Have you any money?" "Niver a hapiny." "Then you had better go with them to the west, to St. Louis, and leave them there." "Indade, sir, I've been wid 'em too long already, and I'm thinkin' I'll lave 'em and be off at wanst."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury, in speaking of the Brooks' case, says:—

"We rejoice at any event which makes common cause at the South, and foreshadows her destiny as a *separate and independent people.*

"It (the Brooks' case) has also contributed to a more complete vindication of the Revolutionary fame and history of South Carolina, than was ever before made in Congress. The discussion has not only exposed the false assumptions of *the North*, of superiority during the Revolution, but convicted them, by every kind of testimony, even that of George Washington himself, of *supineness, cupidity and cowardice.* It was shown that Sumner, and Woodruff, and Comins, and Burlingame, are not the degenerate sons of noble sires, but the true and lineal descendants of *the braggarts and cowards of the Revolution.*"

SHOCKING.—A letter from Paris, published in a London paper, after describing the ceremonies attendant upon the baptism of the imperial baby, adds the following:

In the midst of all this splendid turmoil come gossipping stories, innuendoes, and more direct charges, all affecting the dignity, if they do not endanger the stability, of the present *regime.* The Empress is sneered at by the courtiers for having had the *gaucherie* to stoop to pick up a diamond which had fallen from her diadem. This is even thought to be worse than a former blunder which she committed in picking up a handkerchief which she had dropped.

The "man with the yellow vest" can take comfort. He is not the only offender against court etiquette.

A DAY OF HORRORS.—Thursday, July 16th, 1856, will long be remembered for the occurrence of three most terrible calamities. On that day some sixty persons were crushed or roasted to death on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, while more than a hundred were maimed or badly burned; twenty-seven persons perished on Lake Erie, by the burning of the steamer Northern Indiana, and seventeen on Lake Ontario, by the burning of the Tinto. Three such calamities in one day have never before been known, and we trust will never be known again.

POLITICAL NEWS.

NEW YORK.—The Convention of the Radical Democracy was respectably but not largely attended. Among those in attendance were many of the most prominent and influential members of the Democratic party.

James S. Wadsworth was chosen President, and Daniel C. Field submitted a long address to the Radical Democracy, repudiating the Democratic party as at present constituted and its piliancy to the slave power, and deploring the consequences of its acts in Kansas and elsewhere, the remedy for which can only be found in the defeat of the Cincinnati nominees and the admission of Kansas as a Free State.

The address eulogizes and endorses the Republican candidates, and calls on their fellow Democrats to support them.

A series of resolutions, embracing the sentiments of the address was adopted with great enthusiasm.

The seceding Whig State Committee have called a Convention for the 14th of August, to nominate delegates to the National Convention to be held in Baltimore, on the third Wednesday in September. Resolutions were adopted by the Committee recommending Mr. Fillmore.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The American State Convention, which met on the 26th, had quite an exciting time. Baker (a Fremont man) was elected President by 306 to 261—the latter being given for King (Fillmore). About two-thirds of the Fillmore delegates then seceded.

Gov. Gardner was renominated for Governor, and H. W. Benckley for Lieut. Governor. The present State Secretary, Attorney-General and State Auditor also were renominated.

The Fillmore Bolters held another meeting, and endorsed the call for a Convention for the nomination of Fillmore Electors, to be held on the 6th of August.

CON. STOCKTON DECLINES.—The Commodore has published the following letter of declination to Messrs. Allen, Jones, &c.:—

"*Gentlemen:*—Our efforts to prevent the great American party from being sectionalized or Abolitionized have been successful. It has been purged of all Sectional and Abolition men and dogmas. The National Camp has endorsed Mr. Fillmore's Americanism, and he is pledged to uphold the integrity of American principles and the perpetuity of our reformed organization. My object has been attained, and I am no longer a candidate for the Presidency.

"Your friend and obedient servant,

"R. F. STOCKTON."

DELAWARE.—A Club was organized in Wilmington, Del., on the 19th, for the support of Fremont and Dayton. Hon. T. M. Rodney was called to the chair, and E. D. Williams was appointed Secretary. The meeting was large and spirited.

VERMONT.—The Democratic State Convention met on the 30th, and nominated the Hon. Henry Keyes for Governor, Willis Lyman for Lieut. Governor, and Jas. T. Thurston for Treasurer.

Resolutions were adopted, expressing the utmost confidence in the ability and patriotism of Messrs. Buchanan and Breckinridge, endorsing the Cincinnati platform, the Kansas Nebraska act, and President Pierce's Administration, as highly pure and honorable. The Convention was well attended, and very enthusiastic.

STRANGE CASE OF "BREACH OF PROMISE."—At the Marylebone County Court, England, on the 10th ult., an action (Redfern vs. Murray,) was brought to recover £10, moneys lent, and caused no little merriment.

Miss Redfern stated that she had been on terms of intimacy with Mr. Murray for five years, and she had now an action pending against him for breach of promise of marriage. He had used her most scandalously. Beside keeping company with her for five years, he had at various times got from her various presents. The rings on his fingers and the watch in his pocket were her gifts. She lent him two £5 notes, and when he cooled toward her, she wrote him a letter, demanding her presents and money back, or to fulfil his promise. In reply, she got, "Go to Putney on a pig, grease its tail, and the devil won't catch you. [Laughter.] No, no, it won't do. [Renewed laughter.] There is an old border sonnet to your tune—

"There was a criminal in a cart
Agoing to be hanged,
Reprieve to him was granted:
The crowd and cart did stand,
To see if he would marry a wife,
Or otherwise choose to die.
Oh, why should I torment my life,
The victim did reply;
The bargain's had in every part,
But a wife's the worst—drive on the cart.

[Roars of laughter.] Yours, as you behave yourself, Alexander Murray."

Mr. Murray: Woman, lift up your veil, not that I want to see your face, but I should like his honor to pass an opinion on your frontispiece—[laughter]—and say, whether he would not drive on the cart in preference to marrying you [Roars of laughter.] Did I not take you to all places of amusement; was not this money expended in it? Now answer that, you darned old conglomeration of bile. [Roars of laughter.]

Miss Redfern: Oh, Sandy, you know I most always paid for our tickets.

Mr. Murray: Admitting that, who stood Sam in the liquor trade? [Laughter.] Just tell his honor on your oath how many little goes you had at the Crystal Palace. [Laughter.] Lord love you, she can toss off a dozen little brandies, and fill both eyes after with the mountain dew. [Loud laughter.] I hope your honor will not order me to pay this money, for I assure you I spent it all down her throat. [Renewed laughter.]

The Judge was of opinion that a gentleman had a bounden duty to stand treat to his lady love, and made an order upon Sandy to pay the debt and costs in two instalments.

CURIOSITIES OF DUELLING.—Among the most remarkable circumstances connected with the *duello* in this country, is that of the change of sentiment at the North and South relating to the code of honor. According to Sabine's Notes, the first duel fought in North America was in New England, between two Puritans, while the first law against duelling was introduced into Congress in the year 1802, by a Virginian, while the most forcible and eloquent appeals against the practice of duelling have been made by South Carolinians. Gen. Charles Colesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, one of the most eminent men that State has produced was Chairman of a Committee, appointed by the Society of the Cincinnati to draft a memorial against duelling. It is but four years since, that another eminent South Carolinian, Mr. Rhett, declined to engage in a duel with Senator Clemens, of Alabama, and proclaimed his abhorrence of the practice in the Senate Chamber. Although every State in the Union has passed laws against duelling, yet the first opposition to the practice appears to have originated at the South, where it has now become an institution, while at the North it has ceased to be resorted to by any class of the people.—*N. Y. Times.*

AN EXPLOSION.—The steamboat Empire State met with an accident on Saturday night last, on her passage from Fall River to New York. When off Point Judith, at a quarter before ten, a steampipe or box exploded, causing a large body of steam to be thrown out. Eleven persons were killed at once, or died shortly after, and eleven wounded—of the latter it is thought only four will recover. The boat returned to Fall River, where the uninjured passengers embarked on the State of Maine. The injured were generally in the neighborhood of the engine. The boat had been going very fast for some time before the explosion.

A STERLING REMEDY FOR EPILEPSY.

We believe we have never commended any specific in these columns for qualities we did not sincerely believe it possessed, and we trust we never shall. It is under these protestations we take pleasure in introducing to those who happen to be afflicted with that terrible malady, EPILEPSY, or FITS, the following letter, which was received by Mr. B. S. HANCE, the proprietor of the great "Remedy," at the very time we chanced to be at his store in Baltimore, last week. Its unqualified tone and character, had we not been cognizant of its receipt, with some, have thrown a doubt upon its genuineness, for which we freely vouch. However, it speaks for itself, and will give a thrill of joy and hope to many now almost lost in despair of ever obtaining such a remedy as this invaluable medicine is daily proving itself.—*American Courier.*

(*Copy of a Letter received in Baltimore, July 8th, 1856.*)

"GRENADA, Miss., June 30, 1856.

"*Dr. Seth S. Hance*—Dear Sir:

"You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills. I wish you to send the Pills to Mr. L. H. Andrews, Fryar's Point, Coahoma county, Miss.

"I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was very badly afflicted with fits for about two years. I wrote to you, and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. He HAS NEVER HAD A FIT SINCE.

"It was through my persuasion that Mr. Ligon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or, at least, a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect, have they failed to cure. Yours, &c.,

(Signed) C. H. GUY.

"*Grenada, Yalobusha County, Miss.*"

The Pills may be sent by mail, and their price, $3 per box, or two boxes for $5. The address, S. S. HANCE, No. 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

FATAL MISTAKE.—Early on the morning of the 11th inst., Mr. Wm. M. Kelly, residing at Carolina, Va., was awakened by a noise at his bed-room door, and immediately seizing a loaded gun, fired at the intruder, when he found, to his horror, that he had shot his own wife, who had just got up for the purpose of fastening the chamber door. The poor lady lingered uncomplainingly till the next day, when she died.

THE RECENT BREACH OF COURT ETIQUETTE has set folks to hunting up precedents and cases in point, and among these "modern instances," it is narrated how Lord Erskine went to see King Louis of Bavaria, in "long togs." Lord E. was not admitted and a diplomatic flare-up was the result. We are satisfied that there would have been no difficulty had the noble Britisher purchased his suit at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 605 and 607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

GET N. R GARDINER'S RECIPE FOR MAKING HONEY Advertisement *in another column. Made cheap—great profit on it.* aug2-2t

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THE HEAT DOES NOT ASCEND as we rise above the earth nearer to the sun, but decreases rapidly until beyond the regions of the atmosphere. In void, it is estimated that the cold is about 70 degrees below zero. This is certainly a cooling reflection at this time, and enough to make one sigh to be in "vacuo." We can only advise "the can't get there's" to go instead, and procure a suit of light, airy and graceful garments, from the beautiful store of Granville Stokes, No. 209 Chestnut Street.

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used:

DANVILLE, Pa., July 5th, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a *single FIT; the use of my limbs has returned,* and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and most say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Kitchen,	C. R. Brown,
Geo. S. Sanders,	G. W. Forrest,
James M. Jones,	Thomas Woods,

J. B. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 84 CHESTNUT St. aug21-tf

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IN THE CURE OF CATARRH, DURNO'S CATARRH SNUFF has taken from medicine its reproach of centuries, and now stands A 1 in the list of remedies for that hitherto so called incurable disease, as also neuralgic headache, sick and nervous headache, &c. Mr. Perry, the well known and gentlemanly Conductor on the New York Central Railroad, between Albany and Syracuse, publishes the following letter in the Syracuse Chronicle:—

"I assert, without fear or favor, that Durno's Catarrh Snuff, not only cures headache, but that it instantly cured me of a severe attack of Neuralgia, which, on former occasions, had laid me up for a week at a time. I also take the liberty to state that a slight pinch of this famous Snuff relieved, at once, a lady passenger in my train of cars from a violent attack of Neuralgic Headache, after having used, without benefit, all the smelling salts and cologne on board! This immediate cure was witnessed by many of the passengers.

"Yours, very truly,

"M. J. PERRY, Conductor N. Y. C. R. R."

FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA.—The Oxygenated Bitters are better entitled to confidence than any remedy known, and their peculiar action on the system, excites the surprise of those who have tried various medicines without benefit.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 69 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. ja7-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In this city, July 14th, by the Rev. D. S. Cheney, Mr. JAMES S. MCGEOCH, to Miss GEORGIANA HUNTER.

On the 22d ultimo, at Frankford, by the Rev. Wm. M. Whitehead, Mr. THOMAS G. SHORTER, to Miss MARY J. MARTIN.

On the 17th of June, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. JOHN CORMANY, to Miss JANE E. EDWARDS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. GEORGE H. WEAVER, to Miss ELIZA M. ALLEN, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. William Barns, Mr. JOSEPH LOAD, to Miss REBECCA D. MIDDLETON, both of this city.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. ROBERT LINDSEY, to Miss ANNA GRAY, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Thomas Johnston, Mr. JAMES STINSON, to ELIZA NICHOLS, all of Kensington.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. A. Christman, Mr. WILLIAM H. TALLMAN, to ADA DONNELLY, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, at Camden, by Ald. P. C. Budd, Mr. THOMAS MILLER, to Mrs. ELIZABETH GILL, both of Gloucester city, N. J.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. ROBERT TRICKER, to Miss MAGGIE POTTER, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. C. J. H. Carter, Mr. JAMES A. KING, of Columbia county, to Mrs. CORNELIA A. MERRILL, of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. John O. Wilson, Mr. JOHN HOWARD, to Mrs. MARGARET CLAFF, both of Philadelphia.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. C. H. Thompson, Mr. GEORGE H. CHRISTOPHER, of Accomac county, Va. to Miss ANN L. daughter of John R. Cory, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 18th of March, 1853, by Robt. M. Lee, Recorder of the city of Philadelphia, Mr. CHARLES WILLOWER, Conductor on the Columbia and Harrisburg Railroad, to Mrs. ELIZABETH E. JACOBS, late Mrs. Jamison, of Philadelphia.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. E. J. Way, Mr. WILLIAM H. LAWRENCE, to ELIZABETH ADAMS, both of this city.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Newton, Mr. HENRY H. MARSHALL, of Philadelphia, to Miss E. ELIZABETH MCCLANING, of Yarmouth, Me.

On the 23d ultimo, at Philadelphia, by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Jones, Mr. ISAAC T. CHAMBERLAIN, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss LIZZIE T. DIXON, of the same city.

On the 20th of June, by the Rev. J. B. Smith, Mr. HENRY G. PALMER, to Miss MARY J. EBINE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 26th of June, by the Rev. G. Dixon Bowen, Mr. WILLIAM H. HIGBY, of Chester county, Pa. to Miss MARY FLEMING, of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. John P. Lundy, Mr. ROBERT J. MILLER, to Miss ANNIE INGRAHAM, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Father Carter, Mr. DAVID POLLOCK, to CATHARINE MCGARVEY, both of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, at Roxborough by the Rev. G. F. Gardner, FREDERICK SCHREINEMER, to LOUISE HANNEL.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th ultimo, JOSEPH, infant son of Joseph and Commander Peck, aged 1 year.

On the 23d ultimo, JOHN MCCLURE, aged 38 years.

On the 22d ultimo, MISS ELIZABETH CRUILLA, daughter of Margaret and the late John Merry, aged 22 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mr. GEORGE W. SMITH, aged 29 years.

On the 23 ultimo, CHARLES, son of Robert and Catharine Hindley, aged 5 years.

On the 21st ultimo, WILLIAM BRADBURY, aged 68 years and 4 months.

On the 22d ultimo, ANNA, daughter of Edward and Julia A. Nickel, aged 5 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH PRICE.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. SARAH MORSE, aged 75 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. SARAH MACKEY, aged 35 years.

On the 23d ultimo, SAMUEL EDWARD, son of John J. and Frederica Reichhold, aged 3 years.

On the 23d ultimo, THOMAS JOHN, son of Thos. and Mary A. Kelly, aged 8 years and 7 months.

At Chester county, on the 22d ultimo, PRISCILLA, wife of Rev. Adam R. Driver, aged 39 years.

On the 23d ultimo, LAVINIA PEARSTON, aged 21 years.

On the 23d ultimo, AMANDA VIRGINIA, daughter of Edward and Sarah A. Schwable, aged 3 years.

On the 23d ultimo, ELIZABETH, wife of Lawrence Carroll, aged 55 years.

On the 23d ultimo, MARY WHELAN, aged 40 years.

On the 23d ultimo, ANN, wife of Cephas G. Childs.

On the 7th ultimo, Miss TERESA CALLAHAN, aged 18 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. FRANCES M. wife of James M. Hicks.

On the 21st ultimo, GEORGE WASHINGTON, son of Geo. W. and Ann I. Hook, aged 11 years.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH BALDY, aged 72 years.

On the 20th ultimo, THOMAS STOKES, aged 8 years.

On the 20th ultimo, CHARLES, son of Wm. and Mary Payne, aged 12 years and 5 months.

On the 20th ultimo, MARGARET ANN, daughter of C. S. and M. A. Fiester, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 20th ultimo, EUGENE ARUCERUS, son of Jas. F. and Letitia R. Ogle.

On the 21st ultimo, MARY M. daughter of John J. and Jane Jones, aged 4 years and 5 months.

On the 17th ultimo, at Pedricktown, N. J., BENJ. SPRINGER, aged 83 years.

On the 9th ultimo, JOHN BROWN, aged 76 years.

On the 8th instant, Miss MARIA JONES, daughter of Jos. S. and Sarah Jones.

On the 19th ultimo, MARGARET MATILDA, wife of Mr. Morgan W. Jellett, aged 45 years.

On the 19th ultimo, JOHN, son of John and Anna E. Gardiner, aged 21 months.

On the 18th ultimo, Mr. JAMES ALLEN, aged 89 years.

On the 18th ultimo, Lieut Col. JOHN REES, aged 44 years.

On the 18th ultimo, ANNA HANKINSON, aged 16 years.

On the 16th ultimo, ELIZABETH LE CAMPION, aged 90 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. FRANCIS, wife of Steph. H. Brooks, aged 29 years.

On the 19th ultimo, MARTHA KELLEY, aged 10 years

On the 20th ultimo, ELLA HARRIS, daughter of Clayton and Catharine A. French, aged 3 years and 3 months.

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